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A REAL DAUGHTER OF THE  
REVOLUTION

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## I.

## ARRIVALS

THE flower-laden breeze of late May, carrying with it a threat of falling weather, came in through the wide casements, now puffing out the dimity curtains in white clouds, and again drawing them against the tiny panes of the long French windows, which had been set ajar that Miss Ellery might enjoy the balmy air and also superintend work in the flower-garden upon which they opened.

One need not wish to look upon a prettier picture than this young mistress made as she stood that morning by a little deal table in the great Ellery dining-room, washing with her own hands the breakfast china and at the same time issuing orders to the negro slaves.

A huge, bibbed homespun apron protected her figured cotton morning dress, a white kerchief was demurely crossed beneath her chin, and a snowy cap sat coquettishly upon her brown head, in which gold and red fought hard for supremacy. Her sleeves were rolled above the elbow, displaying a handsome arm, while a small, slippered foot now and then tapped imperiously upon the polished floor as she gave some command.

The room itself was receiving its morning cleaning. The drugget had been taken up from the polished floor and was having a good beating out on the lawn at sufficient distance to keep the dust from flying into the house; Aunt Rachel was rubbing down the great mahogany dining-table and the smaller breakfast-table; Gabriel was

polishing the silver; Judith was looking over the table linen that had been used for breakfast and the last night's supper to see if there were stains that should be removed or worn places darned before it was consigned to the laundry; Enos was at work upon the silver and glass candlesticks, while in the garden outside Uncle Peter was busy among the flowers, singing the while at the top of his cracked old voice.

In the detached kitchen, some twenty feet from the house, Aunt Esther and Aunt Deborah were sending up quavering contraltos in rivalry of Uncle Peter's bass, accompanying themselves with the rattle of pots and pans, and interrupting now and then to shout a command or a threat at their crew of picaninny assistants.

The watchful eyes of the mistress were everywhere, for the hand which held the domestic reins during her stepmother's absence was not lax, and it took no little vigilance to keep that army of lazy, grown-up black children to their tasks.

"Uncle Peter," she called, in her mellow Southern voice, "me-thinks you have been resting full ten minutes upon that rake. Is the sun then so hot that you cannot work?"

"Hist, missy," whispered the old darky, sticking his white cotton head in through the window, "thah's a band of Britishahs ridin' up de av'new. Ole Petah hab bin watchin' der red coats tro' de trees."

"And if so," said the mistress calmly, as she placed her china upon a silver tray and herself carried it to the china-closet, a stoop-shouldered affair with glass-knobbed doors below and an overhanging shelf above on which were arranged such pieces as were kept out for display and could not find room on the tall, columned sideboard laden with silver candlesticks and glass decanters, gold-chased tankards, and fat goblets, "and if so," she repeated, "what of it? Are we such poor royalists that we need fear his Majesty's soldiers? Tut, tut, pick up your cloth, Aunt Rachel, and go on with your cleaning. Think you the British will know that you remember Mr. Washington in your prayers, and in your heart espouse the cause of your old master, my Uncle Elijah?"

For lately Jane's father had bought from his brother a number of blacks whom that patriot's circumstances, reduced by the war and his espousal of the American cause, would not permit him longer to support. Aunt Rachel and Gabriel were among these, and they had brought the principles they had borrowed from their old master into their new home.

Just then Sampson appeared at the door leading from the dining-room into the hall and announced in his most expressionless tones, while he held himself like a very stiff pasteboard figure,—

"Major Broadus to see Miss Ellery."

Jane knew that he had been too well trained by her stepmother

to voluntarily bring a stranger into her presence with so little warning, and she surmised that the British officer had persisted in following at his heels. It was somewhat haughtily, therefore, that she drew down the sleeves of her gown and turned to meet the visitor, who stood in the entrance.

He looked both astonished and embarrassed as her beautiful young face came within range of his vision. Evidently, he had not expected to be confronted by so much youth and loveliness. "Pardon me, but are you—ah—the mistress of the house?" he asked hesitatingly.

"The temporary mistress, yes," she answered. "My father and mother are from home. Is there aught I can do for you?"

"Colonel Bessemer bids me present his compliments and request the privilege of resting his troops here for a short space. He also desires me to express the hope that, inasmuch as he understands your family to be loyal subjects of the King, you may not object to providing himself and his officers with breakfast, since they have been upon the road the entire night, after fighting a hard battle yesterday, without either food or rest."

"Certainly, I shall comply with his request," Jane answered. "It is not the rule of my father's house to turn away anyone hungry, be he British or American."

The officer raised his eyebrows at this and stiffened perceptibly. It did not agree with his ideas of loyalty that American sympathizers should be fed by adherents of the King; but Jane was a contrary jade, and while she was never so devoted a royalist as when she was talking to revolutionist neighbors and relatives, she never came so near being American in her sympathies as when she was thrown with British or Tories. It might be because her father was dubbed a timeserver, even by those who once had loved him best and respected him most, that the girl had developed this contradictoriness. Certainly, it was the occasion for many a passage at arms between herself and her Tory stepmother.

The officer heard her give orders for the preparation of a good meal, and then went back to his Colonel.

As Bessemer entered a wave of astonishment swept over his florid face, and he hurried forward to greet his hostess. "Miss Ellery—you?" he cried. "Ah, how fortune has blessed me with her smile this morning in directing me hither and permitting me to renew an acquaintance so delightful!" He raised her hand to his lips as he spoke with a gallantry of which few were greater masters.

Jane swept him a deep courtesy, while an ironical smile played about her lips. "I feel honored that Colonel Bessemer should remember me," she remarked.

"Remember you? As though I could ever forget you," he ex-

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claimed in a low tone. "Your image is engraved too deep upon my heart for that. It is true, I had forgot—nay, I could never have known, for it would be impossible to forget aught which concerned you—that your home was in this vicinity, and to come thus unexpectedly upon you is the happiest moment of my life."

The cynical smile did not leave Jane's lips. She had listened to Colonel Bessemer's flowery speeches before; yet she was a woman, and she could not help a flattered thrill even while she was saying to herself, "I wonder how many women he has spoken to thus since I met him last in Philadelphia?"

"But permit me, dear lady, to have the honor of presenting my officers to you." He turned towards those who had accompanied him as he spoke. They had remained in a little knot around the door while he was greeting Jane, and about their mouths was a reflection of the smile her lips had worn. They also had seen their commander kiss the hands of beautiful women before, and while they could not hear the speeches he poured into her ears, they could imagine somewhat the purport of them.

The breakfast was a good one, for the plantation was large and well looked after, and there was always enough in its storehouses to feed a regiment. There were great platters of broiled bacon and chicken fried in that delicious style which has descended as a heritage to the South from those colonial days; there were venison steaks and sugar-cured ham; there were plates piled high with golden-brown biscuits and hoecakes; there were the syrup of sugar-cane, and berries fresh from the garden beds; there was an abundance of milk and cream and butter; there were coffee and tea,—all set off with the brightest of silver and china that had been brought from over the seas and was well-nigh priceless, so precious that none but the hands of the mistresses of the house were allowed to wash it.

A bountiful, attractive repast, and one the British officers were in a mood to enjoy to the full; nor were they minded to be interrupted at it, yet such was destined to be the case, for, as they sat at table, a volley of shots was heard and a great commotion ensued.

Bessemer and his companions sprang to their feet and rushed to the door with such impetuosity that it was well the table was the stout piece it was, else it must have been overturned in the excited jostling. Outside, the soldiers, who had been lolling at ease upon the ground eating the rations they carried, had started up and stood at attention.

Bessemer, red with excitement and full of energy, as was his wont, ordered his horse and, jumping into the saddle, clove the air with quick commands. Into this confusion there dashed a single horseman clad in the blue-and-yellow Continental uniform. Jane, standing within



the broad side-porch, watching the scene with interest and not a little curiosity to know the cause of the tumult, turned pale when her eyes fell upon him.

Surrounded by redcoats, who were bringing their muskets to their shoulders to fire, the horseman swept the lines with his eyes, saw a thin place in their formation, spurred his horse towards it, and, lifting the animal until it seemed to literally spring over the heads of the astonished soldiers, dashed forward, not forgetting, as he passed the porch where Jane stood, to lift his hat and wave his hand.

The girl, with white face, strained her eyes to gaze after him as he disappeared in the clump of woods to the left of the house amid a storm of bullets.

## II.

### THE FIGURE IN GRAY

THE horseman's daring was so great that it had taken the breath from Bessemer and his men. Tempted to pursue, the British Colonel yet feared a trap. He had heard much of the ambush warfare waged by Southern revolutionists, and he had no desire to have his troops caught in an ambuscade. It did not seem to him that even one of these dare-devil Southerners would risk his life in so reckless a manner without some definite object in view; and what object could he have unless it were to tempt the British to pursue him and thus lead them into the arms of a superior American force? Besides his own troops, he had many prisoners taken in yesterday's battle to be guarded.

Calling his officers about him, he consulted with them hastily. Almost to a man they were against pursuit. Perhaps the half-finished breakfast awaiting them within had something to do with the unanimity of opinion, for your Britisher loved his food then as he does to-day.

So back to breakfast they went, and Jane was so relieved at their decision that she ordered Aunt Deborah, an expert hand, to bake them some of her famous, crisp-edged, golden centred batter-cakes to help repair any injury the breakfast might have suffered from the interruption.

"Reckless, reckless Godfrey," she was saying to herself, as she bade Gabriel pass the syrup to her guests and herself filled their coffee-cups, "will he never learn discretion? Why should he so risk his life out of mere bravado?"

But, indeed, she wronged the horseman. Though he was quite capable, as she well knew, of having ridden into the British lines out of foolhardy defiance and because he loved to take his life in his hand for the thrill such adventure gave him, yet in this instance he was guiltless of so mad a piece of folly.

On the contrary, he had been as much surprised to find himself

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in the midst of so large a body of redcoats as the British had been to see him. One of the few Americans who had escaped from the fight of yesterday, he was flying through the country as fast as his horse could carry him, striving to get together a band of American sympathizers to revenge Bessemer's refusal of quarter to the Americans at that battle.

This mission bringing him close to his own home, he stopped there to see his parents for a few moments, and was besought by his sister to carry a note to her dear gossip, Jane, since his route lay past the Ellery place. He was at the mouth of the lane which led to the Ellery plantation when he came upon a couple of scouts whom Bessemer had sent out to reconnoitre. Thinking them but stragglers from the British army, and having no idea the main body was so close, he set upon the soldiers and pursued them as they retreated towards the mansion, firing as he went. It was these shots which startled the British from their ease, and before the young man could realize his predicament, he was facing the stern, straight lines of Bessemer's dragoons with their levelled weapons staring at him.

As the horse went pell-mell through the woods, taking the underbrush and stumps that came in his way until he could find the bridle-path, his rider looked back over his shoulder, on the watch for pursuers. When he became convinced that none followed, he dropped back nonchalantly into his saddle and shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

"Upon my soul, what cowards these British be at heart, for all their splutter and their murderous ways," he muttered, out of the insolence born of his temporary triumph.

He rode on through the woods, humming the snatch of a patriotic song, but when the moment's exhilaration had passed his brow was overcast, for his errand had not been accomplished, and it ill suited his pride to leave his commission unperformed. Furthermore, on the road he had learned that Jane's father and mother were from home, and that she was alone save for the black servants and the white overseer and his family, whose house was fully a quarter of a mile from the mansion.

Under other circumstances this would have caused him no uneasiness, for he well knew the devotion of the slaves to Jane, but the presence of Bessemer and his soldiers perturbed him much. His distrust of the British Colonel was great, and vastly did he dislike the thought of Jane being alone in her father's house with only servants to protect her against possible British insolence.

If he could only have a word with Aunt Rachel or Jane's black mammy, two faithful souls, and warn them to keep a careful watch over their mistress's welfare until he could bring a force to oust the

interlopers, his mind would be easier. It would well suit his mood to ride back to the Ellery mansion, dash through the opposing redcoats again, snatch a word with Jane or some of her devoted dependents, and gallop away.

"By the gods, it could be done too," he told himself, his blood quickening at the notion.

Back at the Ellery place the officers had eaten their fill, rested their men and horses, and had really no excuse for lingering, yet not one of them, from the Colonel down, but was loath to go.

At length they began their preparations for departure, but ere they were ready to set forth the Colonel turned to Jane with real concern. "Is it possible, dear lady," he asked, "that you are left alone in this great house with only these blacks? Surely, 'twere a perilous situation, and I must crave the privilege of leaving with you a guard of some of my faithful fellows until your father and mother return."

Jane threw back her head and smiled at him in bewitching derision. "What a harsh mistress Colonel Bessemer must think me," she remarked, "that I should needs be afraid to be left alone with these, my people. Know you, sir, that every negro upon this plantation has belonged all his life to either my father's family or that of my own mother or my stepmother. Each of them is bound to us by ties that have been weaving through generations. Every one of them is as dear to me as though he were my kinsman, and I dare to believe that I am equally dear to each of them. Nay, Colonel, you are not half so safe at the head of your legion as I am here surrounded by my black servants."

She spoke with spirit, the rich color mantling her cheeks, for it was a matter of pride with the Ellerys that no family in all the colonies could more confidently claim or better merit the devotion of their dependents. Strict disciplinarians they were, knowing well that laxity was mistaken kindness, but liberal and just always.

"Ah, Madam," Bessemer answered, "it is not necessary to tell me that your people love you. No one could be associated with you an hour without doing that, much less years."

She swept him a mock courtesy, and then, in true Southern fashion, accompanied him to the front door; 'tis a fashion that even yet Southern hostesses find it hard to wean themselves from. Stepping out upon the portico, she saw that the sky, so smiling when they arrived, was overcast, while banks of ominous black clouds had gathered in the east.

"Methinks, Colonel," she said, "there is a storm brewing. I beg that you will tarry until we see how much a one it is to be, for our South Carolina tempests are not often mild, even at this mild season of the year."

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"I thank you, sweet lady," Bessemer answered, "but I fear we have infringed too long upon your hospitality as it is, and that the Rebels will have taken advantage of our self-indulgence to be up to mischief. Duty tells me I must join my General Cornwallis as soon as possible, though inclination fain would chain me here."

Even as he spoke the wind rose into a gale, and swayed this way and that the tops of the great elms which lined the avenue from the carriage gate to the house. There was a blinding flash of lightning, a growl of thunder, and a splash of rain. Then, as though encouraged, the elements let loose their fury.

It would not be the first storm that Bessemer and his men had breasted, but never had they set out in one from surroundings so hospitably inviting. Not since they left Charleston had they seen such lavish display of luxurious living as here; and, indeed, few country-seats even in rich Virginia maintained the daily scale of munificence exhibited by this South Carolina plantation.

The storm was augmenting its force. Bessemer hesitated what to do. As rain began to descend in sheets, he gave the command for his men to break ranks and pitch their shelter-tents.

"You see, dear lady," Bessemer said to her, as she stood watching the soldiers' deft work, "that the very elements are leaguering for my happiness to-day in offering me so good an excuse for indulging longer in your sweet society."

"Perhaps," Jane answered, "it is my pleasure they are considering," and could he who six months ago angrily accused her of being the most heartless coquette in thirteen colonies have seen the glance she bestowed upon the Englishman, he would have gnashed his teeth in fury.

The storm, coming from the east, soon made the portico untenable, and Jane led her guests through the wide hall into the drawing-room,—a long apartment, hung with rich tapestries. At one end was the great fireplace with its marble mantel and its costly mirror in its setting of blue and gold. From the centre of the ceiling hung a chandelier all a-glitter with gilt and glass, rarely lighted save for some special function. Along the walls were brackets with smaller candelabra, and so dark had grown the day without that Jane ordered Enos to light these. A harpsichord, beautifully inlaid, stood, with its long, low seat in front of it, between the two west windows. Bessemer, catching sight of it, begged for music.

Jane, a little at loss how else to entertain her guests, seated herself without ado and sang and played the popular airs of that day. Her voice, naturally sweet, had received the highest cultivation that Charleston and Philadelphia could afford. Bessemer, standing beside her, bent forward as though entranced.

"To think," he murmured in so low a tone that his officers, seated at a discreet distance, could not hear,—“to think that Nature, not contented with her prodigality in lavishing such wondrous beauty, grace, and wit upon one being, should add this gift of music too.”

Jane flashed him another alluring glance as she turned upon her seat to divide her attention with her other guests. Those young officers, however, attracted though they were by her good looks and her gracious manner, were too wise to poach upon their Colonel's preserves.

She excused herself presently and went out to supervise the dinner, unlocking from the keys at her side various cupboards and chests in the mammoth storeroom to set forth dainties and sweetmeats for the noonday meal. The breakfast had been a slim affair compared with the feast to which they sat down a little after one o'clock.

Outside the rain was falling heavily. Within the dining-room all was good cheer, the tall silver candlesticks upon the table making a wide circle of light. As the hostess and her guests sat toying with their coffee and sweetmeats, a wet figure in a long gray cloak and hood stepped hastily through one of the open windows, dropped something into Jane's lap, and backed out the way it had come.

### III.

#### AN INVASION

BESSEMER and his officers half started to their feet, and all bent their eyes inquiringly upon Jane, whose nomad color fled her cheeks and then came back with a mighty rush.

"Who was that? What is the meaning to this strange proceeding, if I may inquire?" Bessemer demanded, fingering his sword nervously.

"You may well ask," Jane answered, "and I must apologize for so amazing an interruption, but among our retainers there is one whose brain is flighty and, allowed through our indulgence much liberty, he does some startling things at times. He is harmless, however, and I pray you to dismiss the incident from your mind."

As she spoke she was with deft and stealthy fingers slipping the note which had fallen into her lap under her girdle. The gentlemen resumed their meal with apparent sangfroid, but upon Bessemer's brow there lingered the slightest cloud of perplexity.

Jane sat with palpitating heart, the necessity for keeping a calm front making her hands cold and putting her brain on fire. Her ears were strained to catch every sound without, expectant of shots or mêlée of some sort.

"Is he worth it?" she asked herself angrily. "Is he worth that I should trouble thus? Nay, it would be but meet that the British should catch him and deal with him as his harebrained folly deserves. Little does it behoove me to care aught what becomes of such an



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addle-pate, and especially when I recall how he dared talk to me when last we spoke together." Her eyes sparkled with anger at the recollection, and the truant color mounted again her creamy cheek, until Bessemer, sitting opposite her, thought never had he seen such changeful and ever-increasing loveliness.

Jane had no idea what the note contained, and she grew nervous with impatience as her guests continued to toy with their dessert. If they would only finish and retire to the drawing-room or, better still, the library.

When she had established them there, she slipped out to the kitchen, where the servants were having their dinner in a long, low shed off the kitchen proper. She beckoned to Aunt Rachel, and the negress got up and joined her mistress.

"Where did Master Godfrey go? Did he get away safely?" Jane asked.

"Law bress you, yes, honey. He jes' whirlyjigged 'roun' de yawd in de wet, his face all blacked wid some ob dat berry stuff what him'n you'n Marse Edwahd ustah put on when you wanted to play you was niggahs ovah at youah Aunt Susannah's, 'n his hair all kinky like it gits when it rains, an' dem fool soljahs tot him wah a real niggah, suah. Dey was jes' splittin' dey all's sides a-laughin' at de funny antics he wah a-cuttin', an' de fust ting ye know he whalked off towahds de woods, and dey nevah suspect nothin'. Oh, he's mighty smaht, Marse Godfrey is; he suah am smaht, Miss Janey, honey."

She looked at the girl anxiously, for she had as much of the match-making instinct as any of her white sisters, and it had long been the wish of her heart that Jane and Godfrey should marry; not that the idea had originated with her, for Jane's Aunt Susannah, who was godmother to them both, had frankly expressed the same desire.

Jane threw back her head defiantly. "He is a very foolish and reckless person," she said severely, "and I wish he would not come to my father's house at all unless he can so time his coming that it will not be so upsetting to our nerves and so hazardous to all concerned," with which she turned towards the dwelling.

The scouts Bessemer sent out came back with doleful tales of the impassable condition of the roads, swollen streams, and treacherous marshes, so that Bessemer was fain to crave from Jane the stretching of her hospitality to cover a night's lodging for him and his men.

"The hospitality of Ellery plantation, dear Colonel," she answered, "has never yet been strained until it broke, and I should be shamed indeed were it not sufficiently expansive to shelter you and yours. My only regret is that my father and mother should not have the pleasure of welcoming you in person."

When she went to her room that night she threw wide the windows

and looked out. The tents showed little white specks in the dark. She could hear the measured tread of the sentries as they paced their beats along the gravel at either side of the house, and at its front and rear as well. Another sentry paced the length of the long, gloomy avenue. This was war, brought home to her more closely than it had been during all the six years of the conflict.

She drew down her blinds with a sigh. She could not but remember that her brother was on his way to join in it on the British side, and that others, almost as dear to her, were already engaged upon the American.

She crept into bed with an ache at her heart such as had seldom been there in the nineteen sheltered years of her life. She tossed restlessly from side to side. Now hot coals were being dropped upon her eyes. Good heavens, what was it? She awakened with a cry of terror. A fierce light was filling her room. There were shrieks and shots and wild commotion. The door between her bedchamber and her dressing-room burst open, and her black mammy ran in screaming, with outstretched arms.

"Oh my honey lamb, my bressed baby chile. Oh Lawd, presahv dis innocent one from youah mighty wrath."

"What is it? What is it?" Jane demanded, sliding from her bed and staring with wide eyes, first at the reddening window and then at the old woman.

"It's de debbil, honey, de debbil broke loose an' come wid his legions to devour us. De Lawd hab risen in His wrath an' our days am numbered."

Outside Jane's door were shrieks and moans and prayers. Beneath her window she could hear shots and the trampling of horses' feet and the crackling of flames.

She threw on a dressing-gown, supplemented it with a long cloak, dragged her nightcap from her head, gathered her masses of hair into a loose coil, and, with such hasty toilet, prepared to descend.

"Oh Gawd," mammy screamed, "dis heah chile ain't nebah gwine down dah to be shot like a trapped beastis? Oh my honey, my honey chile, don't you do nothin' like dat. You stay heah wid youah ole mammy."

"Nonsense," said Jane impatiently, extricating herself from the entangling black arms, "am I to stay up here in truth like a trapped beast and make no effort for the preservation of my father's property? Methinks I should ill deserve the name of Ellery were I to remain inactive at such time."

She unlocked her door with emphatic hand, and, as it opened at her touch, she saw the cause for the groans and sobs that had been wafted through her keyhole. There, huddled in disconsolate group, some upon

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their knees, others weeping upon neighboring shoulders, were the women house-servants in all conceivable styles of disarray.

"Oh missy, sabe us! sabe us! De day of Jedg'ment hab come! Sabe us! sabe us!"

She made her way towards the stairs, the women following at her heels. A door at her left opened and a redcoated figure rushed out, buckling a belt with nervous haste. "Ye gods, Madam, let me pass," he cried, and brushing past her with scant ceremony descended the steps at a bound.

Other martial figures, more coatless than coated, were running through the lower hall. Evidently it was the first of the strife which had awakened her, and the British were only just getting into line to repel the invasion.

She had expected to find the rear of the house in flames, for it was from the rear the red glow came, but the dwelling itself was as yet untouched, though some outbuildings were burning furiously, the sparks flying rather too thickly for comfort. Uncle Peter and Gabriel and even her stepmother's pet, Sampson, with the other men-servants belonging to the house, were standing in a group in the middle of the dining-room peering towards the end window, watching the flames rise towards the star-filled heavens, for the night had cleared and there was a stiffer wind than was agreeable to Jane. Not long was the group allowed to remain inactive. With quick command, she set them to packing the silver and articles of value that could be easily moved, while she herself placed the precious china in a strong box that was kept ever ready for such emergency.

She threw open one of the dining-room windows and stepped out onto the broad side-porch to reconnoitre. The scene before her was a wild one, being a lively skirmish conducted with agility on one side and vigor on the other. The invaders had the tactical advantage, though but about one-fifth the number of the repelling force. They darted hither and thither on their wiry steeds, dealing lightning blows at their adversaries and now and then snatching a prisoner and dashing away towards the woods.

To stay and fight was not their calculation. A dash, a blow, a flying retreat was the programme, and they carried it out well. The Britishers jumped hither and thither on their sturdy legs, fighting furiously, but the horsemen laughed in their faces, peppered them with shot, and were gone—gone so suddenly that Jane, watching, felt her head whirl. One moment she saw them there fighting, and the next instant they had disappeared as by magic, all save one.

He, either too busily engaged to notice his comrades' retreat or unwilling to yet abandon the field, pranced back and forth upon his big bay horse, engaging in combat some redcoats who strove in vain to unhorse him.

IV.

A QUARREL

JANE's eyes, when they recognized him, flashed with anger. Godfrey Worthington here, one of this mob who had overridden her father's premises, had destroyed his property, and might, for aught they cared, have slain the members of his household!

One of the mob, did she say? Nay, was it not likely that he was their leader,—their instigator,—the one who had brought them here? She saw it all now. His visits that day had been but to spy upon her guests, with this very object in view. A note from Mary, indeed. It was but a mere blind!

Meanwhile the solitary horseman was having a pretty hot fight upon his hands. When the Americans retreated, most of the British force gave them chase, and Godfrey was left upon the field with some half-dozen opponents, whom his accomplished horsemanship and his deft use of rifle and sword enabled him to keep at bay. All would have gone well had not an English captain, as he was about to enter the woods with a company of men, turned and seen the conflict. Calling to his soldiers to follow him, he ran to the scene.

Seeing that he was about to be surrounded, young Worthington attempted to repeat his dash of the morning, but he was too late. Already the British were upon three sides of him, and his only recourse was to back his horse towards the house and thus fight off all comers. Turning his head as he backed towards the porch, he saw standing within its columns Jane.

"My God, Jane," he cried, in a voice in which commingled sharp command and earnest entreaty, "get within the house. You are in danger here."

Jane gazed at him with such cold scorn that, had not the young man been so much heated by his exertions, he must have been frozen stiff.

"Go, go," he supplicated again. "You will be shot if you remain."

But Jane disdainfully held her ground, and Godfrey was forced to turn his attention from her to his antagonists. Taking advantage of his momentary preoccupation, they were pressing him close. The little Captain, a bantam of a man, made a pass at him with his sword that barely missed its work. Bending from his saddle, the American, with an adroit blow of his sword, knocked the weapon from the other's grasp and, catching him by the collar, dragged him up in front of him.

Holding him thus, though the other kicked and squirmed and swore in language not choice for Jane's ears, he held him as a shield while

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he manœuvred his horse, backing and siding and seeking an avenue of escape.

The soldiers, afraid to fire lest they should hit their Captain, and lost too, as all soldiers are except American, without a leader upon the ground to tell them what to do, held their weapons in readiness but used them not, while the Captain, sputtering and twisting and writhing, tried in vain to loose the grasp of iron which held him.

Thrusting his sword through his saddle-strap and taking his pistol from his belt with his left hand, the American circled his horse, firing as he did so. In the momentary demoralization that followed, when each of the soldiers felt that he was the target, Godfrey had time to dash away, and though bullets sped after him they did not serve to slacken his progress.

Jane, left alone upon the porch, without further notice being taken of her presence there, felt unreasonable resentment that it should be so.

"Traitorous spy," she said to herself, "little would he care were I slain if he might accomplish his dastardly ends."

The brilliancy had died out of the scene. The outbuildings which had been ablaze were either smouldering or completely out. The only building which had burned to the ground, and which was the one that had accidentally been set afire by the invaders, was a supplementary stable in which had been quartered many of the British horses that could not find accommodations in the main stable. In breaking open the door and releasing the horses a torch had caught the straw in a stall and the conflagration ensued.

The handful of soldiers who had been left upon the premises went about gathering up the camp equipage, which had been badly scattered in the mêlée, and caring for the wounded comrades who had been left behind in the general pursuit of the Americans. Jane ordered these carried into the house, and made cots for them in the wide hall, turning the residence into a temporary hospital.

She had just finished breakfast when an orderly arrived with a note from Bessemer, filled with grateful appreciation of her hospitality to him and his men, and with regret that it should have caused her to be the victim of an unmannerly invasion by a horde of ruthless desperadoes, upon whose trail he and his soldiers were then hot.

Jane thought it a most mannerly note, and if some of the sentences were so fulsome as to almost draw from her a smile, she was yet accustomed to such gallantries, having spent two winters in Charleston with her mother's Huguenot relatives, mingling in that polite society whose daily conversation was a shower of bouquets; though, indeed, sometimes the bouquets were made of flowers which pricked.

She could not but contrast Bessemer's polished deference with Worthington's more abrupt ways. What had her stepmother so often



termed Godfrey—a rude boor? And she, Jane, had ever come to his defence; yet what thanks did she get? He would have roasted her alive in her father's house without a qualm in order that he and his lawless band might slaughter those who were her guests.

The next few days, after Bessemer had sent to take away his wounded and she had no longer their care to occupy her, were lonely ones for Jane. She was tempted to follow the advice her stepmother had given her before leaving home and send for some of her girl friends to keep her company, but the mail brought her such unfavorable news of her father's condition that she had little heart for the entertainment of guests, and, moreover, the war had either estranged or separated from her those whom she liked best.

Even her own Aunt Susannah, to whom her heart turned more warmly than to any of her other relatives and whose affection for herself she could not doubt, had vowed never to step her foot within her brother-in-law's door as long as his Tory wife was its mistress. This rupture was brought about by one of those caustic speeches for which Jane's stepmother had no little reputation in the neighborhood.

Jane knew her aunt too well not to realize that she would keep her word; but if she would not come to Jane, at least Jane might go to her, so one morning she ordered the carriage and set out for her Uncle Elijah's in no little state, for, though her stepmother had taken the gilded coach with its painted panels and its six black horses to Charleston that she might impress her royalist friends there and overawe her husband's first wife's relatives, yet the equipage in which Jane set forth with its maroon cushions and its two negroes on the box seat in their white-and-maroon livery made an attractive appearance.

The sunlight flashed on its polished lamps and turned into gold such of the hair of its fair occupant as could be seen under her be-ribboned bonnet. On the front seat facing her sat Aunt Rachel and Mammy Anne. Jane, always a kind and considerate mistress, had not the heart to make a visit to their old home without taking with her as many of her Uncle Elijah's former retainers as she could. Neither of the men upon the box seat was a regular Ellery coachman. One was Gabriel and the other was Absalom, who had been her Uncle Elijah's footman until the reverses came.

The faces of the darkies beamed with satisfaction, except that of Jane's black mammy, who resented having her drive with her mistress shared by Aunt Rachel. In truth, no little jealousy existed between the two old women, and their mistress's affection was the bone of contention.

The day was as brilliant as brilliant could be,—filled, indeed, with that sparkling brilliance never seen save after a hard storm, for the night before there had been another of those South Carolina tempests

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which, having its birth in the sea, augmented its force as it swept across the marshes and threshed itself out among the woods.

The two stout gray horses had all they could do to draw the ponderous vehicle, and they had not traversed more than a third of the distance to her aunt's before Jane began to realize that she had made a mistake in her choice of coachmen. Gabriel was only a house servant, unused to horses, while Absalom, though a dapper, graceful, and sprightly footman, did not compare as a driver with her own Uncle Timothy.

The carriage was rolling along the edge of a piece of woodland, the low-hanging branches sweeping its top and the mingled odors of wildflowers and damp mold drowsing the senses of its occupants, when out from among the trees galloped a horseman. As Jane's eyes fell upon him she straightened up from her lounging attitude against the cushions, while over her face spread an expression so forbidding that it made her look ten years older—but, alas, she did not know it.

"Ah, Jane," Captain Worthington cried, reining up his horse beside her carriage with the confident air of an old friend, "I am in luck to-day. I have longed to see you since our assault of the other night to——"

If Jane's head could have reared itself higher, it would. "I should think," she observed, "that Captain Worthington might at least have the decency not to refer to his ruffianly behavior. Absalom, drive on."

"Jane," the Captain cried again, "you must permit me to explain. It——"

"Explain? And what, pray, is there to explain? I am not so dull that I need have it explained to me how Captain Worthington used his knowledge of my father's premises to spy upon my guests, nor how he forged a note in his sister's name to give some color of excuse to his presence there."

"Forged?" the Captain gasped.

"And as for what followed, while I know that it must have disappointed you that your plot did not so far succeed as to enable you to burn alive in our beds my guests and myself, yet if you could have heard the moans and seen the wounds of the half score poor soldiers whom I had carried into my house and could have viewed the destruction wrought to my father's property, methinks you might have felt that you had just cause for elation and that you still merited the appellation of spy, bandit, and midnight assassin in which I understand you and your henchmen take such well-earned pride."

Young Worthington's expression, at first astonished and then flecked with amusement, had flamed into anger as she proceeded.

"Madam, I congratulate you upon being so apt a pupil of Colonel Bessemer. The terms which you have just used are a few of the

milder epithets which, I understand, he applies to myself and that band of brave patriots with whom I have the honor to fight for my country. Had I known that Colonel Bessemer was an honored and welcome guest instead of being, as I presumed he was, an intruder upon your hospitality, I would have been more loath than I was to make the attack which I felt it my duty to make. While I feared that some destruction of your father's property might ensue, I flattered myself that by relieving you of the presence of Bessemer's firebrands and looters—appellations which, I assure you, they have earned quite as industriously as we have our pseudonyms—we might be doing you a service that would in a measure recompense for the loss; but it seems I was mistaken, and that Colonel Bessemer is justified in the boasts he has made of the handsome entertainment he received at the home of his betrothed, 'the beautiful Jane Ellery,' to whom his troth was plighted, so he says, in Philadelphia town these three years past."

Jane's treacherous color fled at these last astounding words, and then came back with a brave rush. "'Tis easy," she remarked disdainfully, "to place false speech upon the tongue of the absent. I congratulate you upon the facility with which you have placed it upon Colonel Bessemer's," and with that she drew down the curtain to the window on the side next Captain Worthington, thus shutting out that wrathful warrior.

The soldier reared his horse back upon his haunches while his breath came hard and the healthy ruddiness of his skin gave place to an angry pallor. An insult! such an insult, and from Jane! Had it been from a man, he would have dragged him from the carriage and wiped up the earth with him, but—— To first doubt his word and then drop the curtain, as though she had slammed a door in his face! Really, it was too much! He dug his spurs into his horse—that pampered animal that seldom knew a touch which was not gentle—and dashed recklessly through the woods. It was well that his mount was as good a forester as he, else they must have come to grief.

As for Jane, she drove on with her brain in a whirl. What had Godfrey meant by attributing such speech to Colonel Bessemer? Pah, it was but some idle gossip which those bandits with whom he associated had picked up at some wayside inn.

She was too experienced in such matters not to have read the sincerity of Colonel Bessemer's admiration for herself underneath his ornate speeches and too ardent glances. That he thought her beautiful she could not doubt. Most men did. Even when she was but a raw school-girl of sixteen in Philadelphia he had singled her out for marked attention during his stay in the city.

True, he had brought letters of introduction to her stepmother's brother, of whose household she was an inmate, and being made welcome

with that cordiality which the Tories of Philadelphia showered upon the British officers, he spent much of his time at her uncle's house, which accounted, doubtless, for the courtesies he paid her. She had been new to such things then, and she could not deny that his red coat and gold lace, his London manners, and the high esteem in which he was so evidently held by his superior officers had touched her girlish fancy and made her heart flutter not a little.

When the fortunes of war took him away from the city, he had left her with many expressions of undying devotion, and she had believed him. But with the lapse of time it had grown to be a matter neither for surprise nor resentment with her that he had apparently forgotten all about her the moment he was out of her sight, and that she had heard not one word from him, although she had heard much of him, until he had appeared at her home the other day.

It had amused her a little then to note that Bessemer had been willing to make all out of their former acquaintance that he could, and to impress his officers that there had been more between them in Philadelphia than there was. She could easily understand that from this might have arisen some idle gossip which had been exaggerated by the time it reached Godfrey's ears into the words he had repeated to her. That the young American had deliberately lied or that he had even amplified the tale in its telling she knew him too well to believe; but she had been angry enough with him to be willing to give him any slap in the face which came handy, and she was too much a woman to worry herself over injustice.

It was a pity Godfrey could not read her thoughts, for then he might have picked his way through the woods with more care and might not have forced his horse to crash through underbrush that scratched its flanks and tore his own buckskin leggings.

He had gone perhaps a mile in this reckless fashion when a thought struck him that made him rein in his steed and sent the color from his face with as much swiftness as had Jane's cruel stabs awhile back. Good God, if he should be too late! Why had he not thought of it before? He turned his horse about and retraced his way with even more speed, but at the same time with more care, than that with which he had come.

## V.

### AN INTERRUPTION

ONLY a little over a mile beyond where he had met Jane she would have to cross a creek. It was a mean stream with a quicksand bottom, unfordable except at one place. This ford, partly made by nature and helped out by man, was marked on either side of the stream by a sign-post that travellers might not miss it and get caught in the quicksand.

The night before some wild spirits among the Americans, learning

that a band of Tories was likely to cross at that spot, and aflame with fury over the treatment Bessemer had given the Continentals at the battle of the twenty-ninth of May, painstakingly dug up the posts and placed them a little lower down. The scheme had worked so well that the first Tories who had attempted to cross were caught in the quicksand and one man and two horses were lost. In the confusion which followed the whole band had been well peppered with shot by the concealed Americans. The intention had been to move the posts back the next morning, but Godfrey knew this had not been done, and his heart misgave him when he thought of Jane.

The plot filled him with loathing, at once so wicked and so foolish was it. Such underhand doings were not his idea of warfare, yet it was these same wild spirits who had conceived it that he was trying to weld into a body of recruits.

When the creek came into view the carriage was just entering the stream between the posts. With a shout of warning, he dashed forward. As he drew nearer, he saw that the off-horse was already beginning to sink, while the carriage lurched dangerously.

Flinging himself from his horse, Worthington snatched Jane from the carriage and carried her to a place of safety. His next move was to rescue Aunt Rachel and Mammy Anne, while under his direction Gabriel began search for a piece of rope under the box-seat, where a supply of such things was usually kept in those days of bad roads and frequent breakdowns. Absalom had already cut the horses loose from the carriage, and by means of the lines was dragging the near-horse, which had sunk only a little way, back to firm ground. The off-horse was already in nearly to his belly, and the task of rescuing him was a serious one.

Slowly, doggedly, physical strength prevailed over nature's treachery, and gradually the horse was dragged, all bruised and bleeding and stunned with fright, to the ground.

"I don't understand," Jane said. "I am all in a daze. Here are the sign-posts, and yet this isn't the ford. The ford is there. How does it come that the posts have been moved?"

Worthington hung his head. "It was done last night, I believe," he answered unwillingly and falteringly, which was against him, "by some—hoodlums to deceive a party of—Tories, who were coming this way."

"To deceive some Tories? By hoodlums? And what hoodlums, pray, would stoop to a thing so low but those who are your partisans—you, doubtless, among them? Oh, shame, shame! To think that such atrocities could be! Captain Worthington, I am obliged to you for the assistance you have rendered me and my party this morning, but I hope that this will be the last occasion upon which we shall meet.



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Never again do I wish to look upon the face of one who could lend himself to a trick so base. Absalom, mount Elam, who does not seem so much the worse for his experience, and ride back home as fast as you can for more horses. 'Tis useless to think of proceeding to my aunt's to-day. If we can but get back home in safety, we may consider ourselves most fortunate in these brutal times. Meanwhile, I will walk to Squire Henry's. 'Tis but a mile."

She started off, Aunt Rachel and her black mammy following, and Godfrey let her go without a word of explanation or defence. He told himself that if Jane could find it in her heart to accuse him of a deed at once so dastardly and so childish, naught that he could say would have weight with her. The loyal girl friend of his childhood and boyhood was dead; the Jane who would once have flown to his defence had others accused him of what she had herself laid at his door was no more.

She could fly into a passion over a deed which she imputed to him, but he had heard no word of condemnation from her lips of Bessemer's barbarous treachery in firing upon an enemy during a flag of truce and of slaughtering opponents who begged for quarter. Nay, had she not received the monster into her house with friendliest hospitality immediately after his outrageous action?

When he had done all that he could for the exhausted horse, Worthington mounted his own and rode away, but not through the forest this time. He took the road that lay along the creek, sandy and barren and desolate, better suited to his mood than the close, sweet intimacy of the woods.

Turning suddenly to the right, he entered a ravine along whose rocky bottom ran a swift-flowing stream. Following this for a tedious distance, while his horse snorted and shook his head in frequent protest over the roughness of the way, he finally came within sight of a curl of blue smoke, and it was not long before he was able to see that the smoke arose from a camp-fire.

Scattered along the rocky base and edges of the ravine, at convenient proximity to the fire, were some twenty-five or thirty men, their horses tethered near. They were a sturdy-looking set, some of them with fierce expressions, some wearing a devil-may-care air, but most of them with phlegmatic countenances that defied the observer, however keen, to read their thoughts. As a rule, they were unshaven and roughly dressed, most of them in doeskin trousers and homespun shirts. Their rifles were by their sides or slung across their backs. These were the men whom Godfrey had gathered to help revenge Buford.

His was the only Continental uniform among them, and he the only trained soldier, but every man in that company was a dead shot, an expert horseman, and an intrepid spirit. In fact, he had gathered one

of those bands of mounted riflemen that were to make Sumter's fame and do so much for the preservation of South Carolina's liberty.

In the ashes of the fire were baking sweet potatoes and hoe-cakes, and Worthington was just in time to partake of the noonday meal.

The next two months were monotonous ones for Jane, despite the return of her father and mother from Charleston and the week's visit which her brother made them. Arriving from England with his commission as a lieutenant in Lord Cornwallis's army, he was assigned by that General to Bessemer's command, and the latter graciously obtained for him a ten-days' furlough that he might visit his home, sending by him numerous messages to Jane.

The morning of the seventeenth of August, 1780, was hot and sultry. Jane's father had been carried out by Gabriel and Absalom, and placed in his chintz-covered arm-chair in the summer-house. Jane sat beside him, reading aloud passages from his favorite Cicero.

His two-months' treatment under the famous Charleston doctor had done him but little good. The hands which lay upon the arms of his chair were as tremulous as leaves of the aspen-tree, while the veins stood in thick blue cords above the seared and yellow skin. The face, once beautifully white, was covered with brown blotches, and the silken gray curls hung with distressing thinness upon his shoulders.

Nevertheless, he made an exquisite picture in his flowered chair. His yellow silk-lined coat was thrown open, displaying the dainty whiteness of his ruffled shirt. His brown silk hose were drawn up without a wrinkle over his thin legs and met his brown knee-breeches under jewel-buckled garters. The great magnolia-trees, one on either side of the summer-house, cast a luxurious shade, making the wearing of the three-cornered hat which lay beside him unnecessary. The air was heavy with the rich odor of the ripened grapes in the vineyard to the left, while on the right the flower-garden was radiant with hollyhocks and larkspurs and marigolds, and great tubs of flowering oleander. The summer-house itself was a mass of morning-glories and passion-flowers.

Jane was not the least attractive bit of the pleasing picture, in her white frock with its puffed paniers, its elbow-sleeves, and its low-cut bodice modestly filled in with a lace-trimmed kerchief that was drawn not too closely about the white throat.

Into the peace and quiet of this scene broke the sound of many horses' feet. "What is it, my daughter?" Mr. Ellery asked, grasping the arms of his chair with trembling hands. "Is it the Rebels?"

"Nay, father," Jane answered, "methinks it is rather the British, to judge by the dashes of red I see among the trees; but I will go and find out."

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She laid her book upon the table as she spoke, and, rising from her seat, left the summer-house and walked with light, quick step towards the mansion.

### VI.

#### A PROPOSAL

JANE's stepmother was already at the front door with Edward clasped in her arms, for Mrs. Ellery was as fond of the boy as though he were her own son. Close behind were Bessemer and his staff.

When the British Colonel caught sight of Jane he hastened forward and grasped her hand. "Ah, Mistress Jane, you must hold your brother accountable for this intrusion. My heart so yearned for a sight of you and your hospitable home that I feared to indulge myself by coming here lest I could not tear myself away, but he would hear of naught but that we must breakfast at the Ellery mansion."

"My brother is ever considerate of his family's pleasure," Jane answered, "and he knew what happiness it would give my father and my mother to welcome one who had been so kind to their son."

"Indeed, yes," Edward put in gayly, "and I wanted the Colonel to see that my mother could outdo even your famous breakfast that he has so bragged upon."

Mrs. Ellery had been no laggard in welcoming her guests. Leaving Jane and Edward to see to their entertainment, she hastened back to give orders for the preparation of a meal that should, indeed, as Edward had boasted, outdo Jane's.

Presently Edward stole away to see his father, and when he came back he requested Jane to take Colonel Bessemer to him.

Never had the British Colonel appeared to better advantage in Jane's sight than during his brief converse with her father,—his manner at once deferential and genial, his tones low but attuned perfectly for the invalid's ear, his words full of praise for the soldier son, of his courage, his devotion to duty, his popularity with his brother officers. Jane saw her father's dull blue eyes brighten, she saw the expression of patient suffering give way to one of interest, and the withered cheek lighten with a faint tinge of color.

Her heart went out to Bessemer that he should have given the older man those few minutes of pleasure, and when, with the excuse of not wishing to tire the invalid, he drew her from the summer-house, she walked with him along the garden paths and entered the green and purple labyrinth of the grape-arbor towards which he directed their steps.

She put up her hand and plucked some grapes for him. He took them from her, and then, a quick glance around assuring him that the thick screen of the vines hid them from view, he caught her hands in his and drew her to him.

"Jane," he cried, in the smothered voice of passion, "Jane, I love you!"

The girl struggled to free herself, but he held her close, while his hot kisses fell upon her brilliant hair and white brow. Presently, however, either she gave more force to her efforts or he feared to offend her past forgiveness, for he released her and dropped upon his knees before her.

"Sweetheart," he said, "forgive me my impetuosity. If I have been too forward, if I seem to have taken undue advantage of this one moment allotted me alone with you, then let the adoration which I feel speak in my behalf. The affection which I felt for you when a little girl in Philadelphia, though you touched my heart then as none of your sex ere had before, was but the gentle warmth of a candle beside the noonday heat of my love for you now. Jane, may I not carry you back to England with me to adorn my home, to be tended with my most jealous care?"

"Colonel Bessemer, I"—Jane passed her hand across her forehead, as though to smooth away perplexity—"I scarce know what to say, so taken by surprise am I. May I—will you not grant me a respite—time for consideration of the great honor you have done me? There is the breakfast bell," she added hurriedly, and with very evident relief; "we must hasten, or my stepmother will grow nervous."

Bessemer rose and, holding her hands in his, scanned her face with his keen eyes. "Time for consideration? Ah, sweet one, if your heart were filled with love for me as mine is for you, there would be no need of consideration. Tell me, Jane, do not your pulses beat responsive to my own? Does not some of the rapture which I feel awaken an answering glow in you? Surely it must be so. Then what need for waiting? for keeping me in cruel suspense? Nay, let thy sweet compassion plead for me. Take pity on this lonely soldier, and give him the boon of your requiting love. Let him feel that when he returns victorious to your side he will find this priceless treasure awaiting him. Tell me, Jane, that it shall be so." He would have drawn her again within his arms, but Jane put up her hand in determined gesture.

"No, Colonel Bessemer, I must have time to think. I am deeply sensible of the honor you do me, but I am not so young as I once was, and I realize fully what an alteration in my life assent to your request would mean. Before passing upon a question so weighty, I think it scarce unreasonable to stipulate for due consideration."

She spoke with dignity and firmness, and Bessemer, shrewd enough to know that such poise augured less well for him than girlish confusion would, felt the blood swirl hotly in his veins, while his eyes narrowed with fuller determination to conquer where conquering was made difficult. His was not a nature to value highly that which came easy.

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Women almost as beautiful as Jane had come lightly to his arms and been lightly cast aside. This girl would be hard to win, and, won, would be won for always.

He bent his head and kissed her hands with appealing lips. "Ah, beloved, my zealous heart hath again betrayed me into an eagerness that merits your rebuke. I would not have you think that I could refuse any request of yours, though it is one which means for me many weary moments of uncertainty, now anguished by doubt, now consumed by fire of hope. Sweet one, may I not pray that you will at least make the time of probation short? I am on my way to capture that brigand, Sumter. When that is accomplished, I shall return this way; then may I not claim my answer?"

They had reached the entrance to the grape-arbor by now, and Jane's eyes viewed questioningly the prospect before her—the bright garden, the rear and side of the great old mansion, the sweep of the fruitful fields to the east, the clump of woods walling in the west. This was home—beautiful, luxurious, beloved home; and the man beside her asked her to leave it all for him. Surely much to ask; yet, with him close beside her; with his supplicating words in her ears; with his musical, persuasive voice; his forceful personality appealing to her, it would not have been hard to have turned and given him her hands in complete surrender. The fascination he had wielded when she was a school-girl in Philadelphia was still potent; but she had learned coquetry, coyness, it might be judiciousness, since. She took her eyes from the landscape and brought them back to the Englishman.

"I cannot promise, Colonel Bessemer," she said, "but if I can, I will have my answer ready—then."

When the officers had eaten their fill they prepared with some haste for departure. Bessemer had little opportunity to do more than press Jane's hand ardently and whisper a word of love in her ear before he flung himself astride his gray.

### VII.

#### A REVELATION

ONCE on the road, Bessemer and his men put spurs to their horses and galloped at a lively rate. Scouts had reported that the enemy was resting not far off. Bessemer, riding at the head of his mounted dragoons, the perspiration streaming down his red face, his eyes sparkling with anticipation of victory, his well-knit figure held erect in the saddle with British military stiffness, looked what he was—a combination of force and fire.

A turn in the road brought them in sight of a stream. The troopers gave a shout of triumph, broken by Bessemer's ringing command. In the water were nude men, bathing and swimming and sporting; along its edge, on the opposite side, were others, stripped to their waists,



doing their "family" washing; while farther up the bank, under such shade as the sparse cotton-wood trees gave, were yet more, smoking or napping or eating. Most of them had their rifles beside them and their horses close by, but it availed them little.

Their cry of astonishment, chagrin, and terror beat the hot air ere that of Bessemer's men died away. The naked wretches in the water were cut down before they could escape. Across the stream with eager haste, yet with perfect order, went the British, carrying all before them. In vain did Sumter start from his nap under one of his baggage-wagons, seize the nearest horse by its mane, saddleless and bridleless as it was, and try to rally his soldiers. The day was lost, and though the English Colonel did not capture the "brigand," as he had boasted he would, he failed in little else he set out to do; and, indeed, few save Sumter himself escaped; not enough to warrant pursuit in that appalling heat.

The British returned the way they had come, exulting. Ever thoughtful of his troops, though he was himself most anxious to get back to the Ellery plantation and make that his stopping-place for the night, Bessemer perceived that the heat and the sharp, hard ride since dawn had put considerable strain upon his men. Noting a large, comfortable-looking house setting some distance off the road, surrounded by a fine grove of trees, he asked, "Can you tell me, Edward, who lives yonder? Methinks it is a good place for an afternoon rest. Be they Rebels or Tories, we shall become their uninvited guests, but I should like to learn which they are, that I may know whether to request or command."

"They are Tories," the boy answered eagerly, "as loyal to our King as my own family; and they will make you as gladly welcome, I am sure, as my people have." Bessemer perceived that under the summer flush which already covered his cheek there rose a richer wave of crimson.

"Aha, a sweetheart residing there," he thought, and with a sympathetic feeling turned his horse off the road and entered the gate, which stood conveniently open.

The house was not the imposing mansion the Ellery homestead was, but there was a warm Southern welcome awaiting the intruders and a piece of news mightily to Bessemer's liking as well. A courier, riding hard to overtake the British commander, had likewise stopped there for rest, and scarce had the English Colonel dismounted ere he handed him a despatch from Cornwallis conveying the news of Gates's defeat.

There were three daughters of the house, all of them vivacious young women, as Bessemer soon discovered. "Oh, how delightful," they exclaimed, when the contents of the despatch became known; "two great victories in one day; think of it!"

"Not in one day, ladies," Bessemer reminded them. "General Cornwallis won his on the sixteenth."

"It does not matter; we hear of them the same day," the youngest persisted. "We assuredly should do something to celebrate so great a piece of fortune. If we could only have a dance," she added, with a suggestive look in the direction of her mother. "Mamma, why can't we induce Colonel Bessemer and his officers to remain here for the night, and let us move the furniture from the big west room and have a dance there? Meanwhile, we could scour the neighborhood for girls. Edward, do you not think Jane would come?"

"Nay, I have a better plan," the Lieutenant answered. "My mother made both Colonel Bessemer and myself promise ere we left that, if we routed Sumter in time, we should return home and spend the night there. They will be expecting us, and my father will be most grievously disappointed if we do not come; but why not have a dance on our lawn, as we did the summer before I went to England? Remember you, Peggy, what fun we had?"

"Fun? Oh, it was delicious," she answered, clasping her hands in ecstasy.

The plan pleased Bessemer better than the one first proposed, and so it was arranged. He encamped his little army and most of his prisoners in one of the Ellery fields that evening. One of the prisoners he considered too valuable a capture to risk thus, and he besought Mrs. Ellery for a special room for him. As a prisoner, he was second only to Sumter himself.

"Now, dear Madam," he said to his hostess, when these arrangements had been completed, "you must let me take the burden of our frolic to-night off your hands. I want this to be my festivity, given in honor of your neighboring Tory friends. 'Tis sufficient that you grant us the privilege of using your beautiful grounds, and I shall see to it that their loveliness is not marred."

Mrs. Ellery made a feint of reluctant concession to this, but in truth she was not sorry to wash her hands of all but the indoor preparations. She and Jane immediately set about seeing to the making of cakes, salads, and various confections to serve as refreshments.

Dressed in the freshest of the evening gowns left from her last visit to Charleston, Miss Ellery made a stately and handsome figure that evening as her mammy tucked a high, jewelled comb into her complicated coiffure and gave the last pats and touches to her costume.

Carriages began to roll up the avenue, and Jane descended the stairs that she might assist her stepmother and Colonel Bessemer in receiving their guests.

None of Bessemer's enemies, and he had not few, could deny to him the qualities of taste and energy. The combination of these with that

fine executive ability which enabled him always to get full service out of those under him had insured the success of his dance. The scene was beautiful. Among the trees strolled many pairs of lovers. Upon the rustic benches sat the chaperons and elderly guests, while the tarpaulin was gay with dancers moving in the stately measures of the minuet or revelling in the sprightlier movements of livelier dances.

There were beautiful women in plenty; Southern women with bright eyes, animated faces, and rich voices, dressed in the beautiful costumes of the day, the low-cut bodices, the flowing skirts, the hair waving over ears and caught by high, jewelled combs at the back, the pointed-toed slippers with flashing buckles, the flirtatious fans and cobwebbed handkerchiefs.

And as for the men, they were as gallant a lot as one would wish to see; the British officers smothered in red coats and gold lace; the civilians in knee-breeches, ruffled shirts, and silk-lined coats.

Well pleased, Bessemer moved among his guests, dropping a pleasant word here, a merry jest there, but never quite losing sight of the younger hostess. He was aware that beneath the smiling graciousness with which she was assisting him there lurked a certain constraint, and he could well guess the cause.

One lady, rather exceeding the age when it was fashionable to be found still unmarried in those days, tapped the Colonel on the arm with her fan as he was passing the bench where she sat.

"Tell me, dear Colonel, how many prisoners did you take to-day? A marvellous number, from all I hear, and they do say you have a most mysterious one whom you have hid in Mrs. Ellery's garret. Nay, they go farther and state that it is Jane's lover, Godfrey Worthington. Poor Jane! It would go hard with her if ill were to befall Godfrey; they have been devoted to each other for so many years, though they do say her stepmother will not hear to the match. Tell me,"—she dropped her voice to a confidential whisper,—“is it really he you have?”

"Madam," Bessemer answered, gathering himself together, "I know naught of this Worthington of whom you speak, but I should say that the gentleman whom I hold as prisoner were more suited to be Miss Ellery's father than her lover, since he is a man fully sixty years of age, white-headed and gray-bearded. His name is Pierce."

"Pierce? General Pierce? That horrid old Rebel? Oh; how delightful that you have caught him. He is the very one who hung the Tories this summer."

"The very one, Madam, and he shall pay for it."

He left her with a courteous bow, but his heart was not as light as when she had accosted him. What was this silly woman's chatter about a lover of Jane's? A Godfrey Worthington, forsooth? Of course, there was nothing in it; and yet he must be sure.

## VIII.

## AS THE DANCE WENT ON

HE drew aside pretty Peggy Winston, who was the occasion of the dance. "Do you know aught," he asked, "of a person by the name of Godfrey Worthington?"

"Godfrey Worthington? Oh, yes. I have known him all my life. Why, he and Jane are sweethearts. Have been for years, though they do say her mother does not approve the match, and was most glad when he espoused the Rebel cause that she might have excuse for forbidding his coming here. Did you not know that you nearly captured him once? It was last May, when you stopped at Jane's for breakfast. He was coming to see her then, knowing, I suppose, that her father and mother were from home and thinking it a good opportunity to press his suit. He was almost up to the house before he discovered your soldiers."

Bessemer's brow grew black. So this was the young brave who had given him such a turn that fine spring morning?

"'Twas just like Godfrey," the girlish voice went on. "He is ever doing daring things. It is for that Jane loves him most, I think; though he is handsome too—oh, so handsome! I have heard it whispered often that Jane is no less a Rebel at heart than he, but that she keeps it concealed to maintain peace with her stepmother and Edward."

"In truth, dear lady," Bessemer answered, "methinks report doth most grossly wrong Mistress Jane. None, I am sure, could be more loyal than she." But he tore himself away with some troublous thoughts running through his brain.

He sought an early opportunity to secure Jane by himself. "Come, sweet mistress," he said, "and take a stroll with me. I long to see if I cannot frighten away that pensive look upon your lovely face. What solemn thoughts have been playing havoc with your gayety to-night?"

Jane looked at him in some surprise. "Have I not been gay?" she asked. "I thought I had. I know of no excuse for solemn musings unless, indeed, it be the solemnity of contrasts, and, in truth, I could not but think, as I watched this beautiful scene which you have conjured for us to-night, what a medley our life now is. This afternoon, from my chamber window, I saw you take past our house the prisoners you had captured. Such sad, weary-faced men they were, many of them sorely wounded and scarce able to walk. My heart bled for them; yet here to-night we are in the midst of music and dancing, and they within ear-shot of it all. How cruel, how heartless it must seem to them."

"Methinks, Madam," Bessemer answered, with a sneer born of his accumulated irritation, though policy warned him of the unwisdom of showing it, "methinks you show most wondrous solicitude for these

Rebels; and what think you I have heard to-night? That you are one at heart."

A merry look spread over Jane's face. If she could but keep him fencing with her upon the subject of Tory or Rebel, she might prevent him from broaching that other subject she dreaded, for she was not yet prepared to say whether or not she would marry him.

"And so you have found me out?" she cried in mock dismay. "Ah, Colonel, what punishment will you mete to me? Am I to be carried a captive on one of your prison ships now lying in Charleston harbor? They say they are most unpleasant places to reside in. Or am I to be hung, or what?"

Bessemmer looked down at her, the gravity of his face softening before the sparkle in her eyes. "I do not know," he said, "what punishment could be great enough to mete out to one who withdraws so precious an ally from the King's cause; however, with your permission, fair lady, we will leave that most serious question for future consideration. Tell me rather what you think of the success of my plan for keeping in good humor your Tory friends? Think you not this entertainment will make the ladies wish the harder that we might remain victors instead of those unmannerly Rebels and inspire our sympathizers among your neighbors with renewed ardor? Come, sweet enemy, give me your opinion."

"I doubt not you are right, Colonel," she answered, smiling saucily. "Methinks I have heard that it did indeed tax the fertile brain of your General and yourself to hatch schemes for keeping in line your Tory allies; but my Aunt Susannah says such is ever the handicap of a bad cause. The enthusiasm of its followers, lacking the fuel of righteousness, soon smoulders and must be constantly rekindled; while a good cause—well, she would remind you that the American patriots do not need a dance to inspire them."

"A neat speech, my beautiful Rebel," he observed; "but is this all the reward I am to receive when I had far more in mind the hope of giving you enjoyment than of entertaining your Tory neighbors? Nay, do not turn away. Hear me out. This morning when I rode from your door my pulses throbbed with hope; but to-night something in your manner thwarts me. What has reared this barrier between us? Have you spent those few short hours in making of your heart a fortress? And, if so, what weapons can I use that will batter down its walls? Will patience and persistence do the work? Then, indeed, will I never despair."

"We all know," Jane observed, "that Colonel Bessemmer adds to his reputation as a gallant soldier that of an adroit strategist. I see he would fain betray the heart's owner into a confession of the strength or weakness of its forces; but methinks it would be wiser for the



besieged to permit the assailant to determine for himself what weapons to use."

"Ah," said Bessemer, half bitterly, half questioningly, "if I could only be sure a certain Rebel were not harbored within the walls of that heart, I might be more encouraged to make the attack."

"And is a loyal soldier of his Majesty the King to be daunted by a Rebel?" Jane asked. "Fie! I would not have thought it."

The Englishman's face darkened. "No, on my soul, is he not," he cried, "nor by ten thousand Rebels. I accept your challenge, Madam. The time is not far distant when I hope to prove myself a match for that Rebel. Meanwhile, it behooves me to select one of yonder forest's stout trees for stringing up another Rebel now in my keeping. By daybreak, I trust, we shall be well rid of him and leave his dangling body as a warning to others of his ilk."

The brightness died out of the girl's face. "You cannot mean that you will hang that poor old gentleman who is now a captive in our garret? I saw him when they brought him to the house this afternoon, and I thought his face most sweet and noble, while I have ever heard him spoken of as brave."

"Aye, brave enough; but 'poor old gentleman' scarce fits so bloody-handed a wretch. I have not forgot that three of our allies were strung up by his command four weeks ago, and, by my faith, their death shall be avenged."

"But they were marauders, who plundered dwellings and murdered women and children. At least, so I have heard. It will not bring back their lives to take another life, and surely it were better to be merciful and teach these despised Rebels the justice and moderation of their opponents than to set them an example of cruelty and vengeance."

She had seated herself upon a board seat between two trees and was regarding him earnestly. Bessemer leaned against a peach-tree close beside her and gazed down at her. "A most able attorney, fair lady, do you prove yourself in pleading the cause of the enemies of your King; and yet, when I look into your face and note the resemblance you bear your loyal brother, it is past credence that you can indeed be at heart the Rebel you choose to-night to pose. Nay, I know you are but shamming. The loyal Edward's sister and your loyal father's daughter cannot but be wholly loyal. Do you know that I love your brother Edward trebly—once for himself and twice for his likeness to you? When he rides by my side, I can almost delude myself into the belief that it is you I have with me. Ah, Jane, if you could but know what a sweet comfort it is to have upon long marches and hot pursuit of flying enemies; but—what's that?"

During their stroll they had entered the orchard, whose rear ended

in the woodland. Bessemer had caused lanterns to be strung for some distance in this orchard, and many lovers had taken advantage of its picturesque paths to saunter through its mazes, but none of them had wandered quite as far as their host and hostess. Indeed, the two were at the end of the fringe of lanterns.

Both he and Jane turned their faces towards the shadows. The sounds came closer; the tramp of horses' feet, the clanking of spurs, the crackling of twigs, and smothered talk. At length there emerged into the rim of light the lanterns cast a small party of men. Two were on horseback, each leading a second horse that was riderless. Behind them, walking, came two other men with a third between them, evidently a prisoner. His dark garb showed in sombre contrast beside the red coats of the British soldiers who held him. As they came closer and Jane caught sight of the captive's face she gave a cry of recognition.

"Godfrey Worthington!" she gasped.

#### IX.

#### THE PLEA

THE prisoner heard her exclamation. His quick glance took in her figure and that of her escort. A scowl settled upon his handsome brow and his lips set in a firm line of anger. As they advanced, he drew himself up between his captors and made a stately but freezing obeisance to the lady.

"What is the meaning of this disturbance?" Bessemer demanded of the sergeant in charge of the soldiers.

"This is the Rebel, sir," the man answered, saluting, "upon whose trail you sent us. We captured him some miles back and were bringing him into camp, but when we reached the gate yonder he broke away from us."

"Well," Bessemer inquired sharply, "what did you find on him? Anything?"

"I searched him as soon as we captured him," the sergeant answered, "but could find no papers."

Bessemer tapped his foot upon the ground and studied a moment. "Doubtless," he said at last, "he carries his despatches in his head instead of in writing. You come from General Gates, I believe?" He turned to the prisoner.

"Indeed?" the other responded, with an interrogatory inflection.

"Bearing messages to Colonel Sumter?"

"Ah?"

Bessemer's black eyes flashed angrily. "No insolence, sir. I recognize you now. Unless I mistake greatly, you are one of those arch conspirators who last month hung three of his Majesty's most

loyal servants. The leader of your band is in my hands, a prisoner. He hangs at sunrise. You hang with him, save on one condition only—that you reveal within the hour the contents of those despatches, be they written or verbal, which you were conveying from General Gates to Colonel Sumter. On those terms alone will I spare your life; and, indeed, it is a piece of clemency in which I am scarce warranted."

"Colonel Bessemer's reputation for mercy is world renowned. His 'quarter' hath become a household word. Of like fame are the honorable terms he ever offers those who have that which he would wish to purchase. 'Tis strange so few honest men take advantage of such magnanimity."

The mocking bow matched the mocking words. Bessemer's fury came near choking him. Jane half started forward, as though she would save the reckless American from his own mad folly,—then checked herself.

"Enough. Sergeant, take him to the house by the back way. Have him securely locked in some upper room and well guarded until I can find time to deal with him. Dear lady," he added, turning to Jane with softened tone, as the soldiers obeyed his orders, "I most humbly crave your pardon for this unseemly interruption. Let us dismiss it from our minds and take up our discourse where it was so rudely broken."

"Nay," Jane answered in a low tone, her face pale, her eyes troubled, "first tell me that you did not mean your threat to hang Captain Worthington if he does not give you the information you desire, a thing he will never do if he possess any. I am sure, however, you do not mean to hang him. It was but a ruse, was it not, to induce him to speak,—a mere bit of play?"

"A bit of play, Madam, which will cost Captain Worthington his neck. He is a troublesome fellow whom I have long wished to be rid of; a pestiferous gadfly, ever buzzing around and annoying our troops. Besides, he is a cold-blooded murderer, well deserving of his fate. Nay, he shall hang by the side of his fellow-knave, and soon, at that."

"Oh, you cannot mean it," Jane cried. "Surely, surely you are only saying it to—to—appall me."

"And is your interest, then, so great in this Rebel?"

"My interest is great in anyone who is the subject of injustice. It is enough that you should hang that poor old gentleman who to-day had the misfortune to become your prisoner, but that you should contemplate hanging a man whom you have sent out your scouts, your spies, to hound down, and who has not even an incriminating paper upon his person, that is passing all bounds! I cannot believe that

the King would approve of having his cause sullied by such acts." She spoke with fervor, carried beyond the point of discretion.

"You speak with most surprising ardor, Madam," Bessemer remarked, his face black with passion, "but permit me to advise you that his Majesty the King wisely leaves such matters to the judgment of his trusted officers, well understanding that an unscrupulous foe must be dealt with in a manner befitting the method of his warfare."

"Unscrupulous foe as you may term them," Jane answered, "I have yet to learn when the American forces have ever treated an honorable prisoner of war in so summary manner. The three Tories whom they hung were not, as you well know, real soldiers. They were but outlaws, brutal desperadoes, wearing the King's uniform as a cloak and a shield."

"I fear, dear lady, the partiality which you have for the enemies of your King has somewhat dimmed the clearness of your judgment. However, I feel that I owe myself most severe censure for the cruel wound which I have so unintentionally inflicted upon you. Had I sooner realized how deeply you are in love with this young Worthington, I should have taken pains to have kept from you the punishment which I feel it my duty to mete out to him."

"Is a woman's heart never to be swayed save by love?" Jane asked. "Can she never plead for justice without having her motives impugned? If I have spoken in behalf of Captain Worthington, if I have besought you not to put into execution your cruel threat, I am impelled by motives of common humanity."

"Is this true, Jane?" Bessemer cried eagerly. "Is it so that you do not love him? Do you pledge me your honor on it?"

Jane drew back. "Pledge you my honor? No. If my simple word be not enough, where would I find the honor to pledge?"

Bessemer, torn betwixt rapture and uncertainty, searched her face with jealous eyes. Surely, 'twere too fair a face to be aught but honest. "Ah, my ever ready-tongued Jane," he said, "you little know the weight your words have lifted from my breast. This one Rebel have I feared I had more cause to dread than all the Rebels in all the armies on this continent combined."

"Then that explains your severity to-night. I can well understand that one might be inclined to deal harshly with a person one feared; but since this poor Worthington is so humbly placed that to fear him would be to belittle yourself, surely mercy is easy."

Again did Bessemer regard her suspiciously. "An artful plea," he observed, "yet I am not so sure that this Rebel is not still to be feared; though, could I have the safeguard of your love, I would fear nothing earthly. I would dwell too near heaven for that. Come, Jane, you who can be so tenderly considerate of others, surely will

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not keep me longer in suspense. Tell me that you will answer 'yes' to the request I made this morning?"

"Dear Colonel," replied Jane, "the man I marry must be humane as well as brave. Your bravery, none questions; your humanity, it remains for you yet to prove."

"Ah, Madam," he returned, "it is well known that happiness is the great propagator of virtue. Grant me the happiness I seek, and you will find that my humanity will blossom in its sunshine. To clinch the argument, give me this hand and that young Rebel shall not die at to-morrow's sunrise." He took her hand as he spoke and pressed it to his heart, but Jane withdrew it quickly.

"Surely," she observed coldly, "Colonel Bessemer needs no bribe to spur him to an act of justice, and if he did, he will remember that virtue is its own reward."

"Ah, but virtue is not the reward I seek," he retorted flippantly, while his brow contracted with irritation, "unless, indeed, dear lady, you typify yourself as Virtue. But a truce to fencing; let us to the question. Is it a bargain, or is it not? Is this young man to be reprimanded through your sweet offices, or is he to hang at sunrise?"

Jane turned upon him angrily. "And do you suppose, sir," she demanded, "that I would give myself to a man so cruel as even to think of offering such a bargain? Never. If I marry you, it must be for what you are, not for what you offer. But," she added more adroitly, "I rely upon Colonel Bessemer's mercy."

"I would, sweet pleader," he observed, "that it were possible I could reconcile it with my duty to do as you wish; but, alas, I feel that loyalty to my King will not admit of it. It is a matter of gratification to me, however, that, while your womanly compassion may be wounded, your deeper emotions will not be lacerated when the rising of to-morrow's sun sees the setting of young Worthington's."

His piercing eyes were upon her face, and Jane felt her composure giving way beneath them, for at length she perceived that he was in absolute earnest.

"At sunrise?" she repeated in a choking voice, while her mind quickly calculated the shortness of the time. Ah, if she could but get a reprieve until to-morrow night, much might be accomplished during the intervening day. "Methinks, Colonel, you choose a most inappropriate hour for so dark a deed. The blacker hues of midnight would better match the color of the act."

"A most wise suggestion, dear lady," Bessemer responded. "What say you to this midnight?" He drew forth his watch. It showed some minutes past twelve. "Or, since that is impossible, the approaching hour of one? 'Tis done. I shall see to it."

"No, no," she cried passionately; "surely, surely, Colonel Bes-



semer, you will not permit my thoughtless words to shorten the life of a helpless being. Do not, oh, I beseech you by all you hold sacred, do not deprive him of those few remaining hours of grace."

"The hour, Madam," Bessemer answered, his relentless eyes holding hers, "is set for one."

X.

THE RUSE

JANE was frantic. Less than an hour! What could she do?

She and Bessemer had been an unpardonable length of time away from their guests, and the major portion of them were only awaiting their appearance to make adieus. Many precious minutes were wasted in listening to good-byes and the usual compliments upon the evening. At length, however, she shook herself free and turned in search of her brother. She found him draping Mistress Peggy Winston's shawl about her shoulders and tying her hood beneath her chin preparatory to departure. With a hurried word of apology, she drew him aside and acquainted him with Godfrey's impending fate.

"Oh Edward," she cried, "cannot you do something to gain him at least a reprieve?"

Her brother's brow contracted, and he gazed at her suspiciously. "Nay, nor would if I could," he answered harshly. "He well deserves his fate. You little know what a menace he and his band of outlaws have been to us this season. Let him take his medicine. 'Tis such a dose as he would put down the throats of others."

With difficulty Jane restrained herself from wringing her hands. More guests were leaving. In fact, the party was breaking up. Let them go; oh, let them go, that she might seek her room and think. Edward had ordered his horse and ridden away as an escort for the Winston carriage lest some bold Rebels should attempt to kidnap the ladies, forsooth.

There was no one Jane could turn to. Her stepmother was Godfrey's enemy; her father was helpless. No, there was no one, unless, indeed, it might be she could use Aunt Rachel or Gabriel. Both had been house-servants for her Aunt Susannah and had known Godfrey from his babyhood; both would almost lay down their lives for him. She hurriedly sought Aunt Rachel's quarters.

After a consultation with the negress, she flew to her stepmother's room. "Mamma," she cried, bursting in upon that lady as she sat before her toilet-table, the maid brushing the powder from her thinning locks, "do you know that Godfrey Worthington is a prisoner in our garret and that he is to be hung before the break of day?"

Mrs. Ellery, not a little startled by this sudden interruption, gazed at her stepdaughter with eyes at once annoyed and pitying.

"Yes, yes, child," she answered, "I knew he was here, and I had

heard some whisper that such a fate awaited him; but, after all, much as I deplore it, and especially that it should happen on these premises, yet, if half the bandit acts with which he is accredited are true, 'tis no more than he deserves."

"But he should not be starved as well as hung," Jane proclaimed vehemently. "How often have I heard you boast that no one in your house ever went hungry, yet that poor old gentleman who was brought here this afternoon has not had one bite to eat since his arrival, nor has Godfrey. If they must meet so bitter an end, should they not have food to sustain them in facing it with fortitude?"

"Assuredly," Mrs. Ellery answered promptly, her hospitable instincts aroused, as shrewd Jane had known they would be. "I will order it now," half rising from her chair.

"Nay, first you must have permission from Colonel Bessemer," Jane interposed, "else the sentries will let nothing pass them. Will you not ask the Colonel to grant this request? See, I have pen and paper ready for you. There is no time to be lost, else the Colonel may have retired, and you would not wish to disturb his rest."

Mrs. Ellery, warm-hearted, if of irritable temper, and at the same time, fortunately, a woman of no great cleverness and less imagination, fell into the trap and unsuspectingly wrote the note which Jane adroitly dictated.

"Now, Gabriel," whispered Jane, when the coveted order had been secured, "for Heaven's sake, make no mistake. This to the sentry, and that to Master Godfrey and General Pierce." While Jane was interviewing her stepmother and sending the note to Colonel Bessemer, Rachel had been preparing the viands, which Gabriel now bore up the back stairway on a huge tray poised triumphantly upon his head.

Jane hurried to her brother's apartment. It was not in the disorder that most men's rooms would be, for Edward was as neat as a girl. In truth, he was girlish in many things: in his delicate features and small hands and feet; in his lisping voice and mincing walk and graceful ways.

Much of a fop, also, was Lieutenant Ellery, and he had brought over with him from England full half a dozen more uniforms than he needed. There had crossed with him from London a brother officer who was quite as foppish as he and had brought with him likewise a surplus of apparel. He had induced Edward to store his extra suits along with his own and, being a much larger man than Edward, it was from his wardrobe that Jane was pilfering.

The Ellery garret was divided into two rooms with a passage-way between into which the stairs ascended. The passage-way had a large window which looked out into the night. A sentry paced before the

closed door of one of the rooms. Within were the two prisoners, each with his arms bound.

Gabriel presented Colonel Bessemer's order with a flourish to the sentry. "An' here am some 'freshments what my missus sent you, sah," lifting carefully from his tray a plate of cake and a decanter of wine and setting them down on the window-seat.

The sentry was thirsty; the cake looked delicious; the wine was more than tempting. He threw open the door for the negro to enter. "Leave the door open," he commanded.

"Yas, sah; suahly, sah," Gabriel answered, as he crossed the threshold with his tray and set it down upon a box inside.

"Why, hello, Gabe," Worthington called out; "is it you?"

"Dat's what it am, Massa Godfrey. Sarvas, massa; sarvas, massa Ginerl. Heah am some 'freshments what missus sent you wid her accomplishments; but, lawsy me, how is you ah goin' to eat wid you ah's hands tied? Mistah Redcoat, sah, they suah will have to have dey ah's hands untied. Dey kin't eat dis away."

The sentry had already taken two big swallows of the wine, and he could scarcely wait to pour himself another goblet before he took the third. Fascinating stuff; never had he tasted anything so enticing.

Gabriel went to the door and gazed at him with beseeching eyes. Mistah Sentry, sah, kin't I jes' loosen day ah'll han's a leetle so dey kin eat?"

Probably, if the wine had not already gone to the sentry's head, he would not have consented, but as it was he nodded acquiescence while he took another swallow.

Gabriel, having deftly loosened the ropes which bound them, placed the tray on the chest which held the candle and politely invited the prisoners to partake. This done, he walked again to the door, the long white cloth which had been doubled over the tray in his hands.

He stood with his eyes fixed in apparently dreamy carelessness upon the soldier.

The opportune moment had arrived. The sentry stooped to pour himself more wine. Gliding softly behind him, the black skilfully threw the cloth over his head and face and drew the ends taut in the back. The soldier, taken by surprise, would have hurled himself upon his assailant, but the latter was too quick for him, and had him upon the floor before his brain, benumbed by the drugged liquor, could appreciate just what had happened.

Worthington took in the situation instantly and sprang to Gabriel's aid, while the General followed with the rope which had bound them. Together they tied the captive's hands and feet, and cautiously removing the cloth from his head gagged him. Gabriel flung open the door of the other room.

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"In here, massa, in here," he whispered. And in they put him.

"Why did you do this, Gabe?" Worthington asked in a low tone, when this much had been accomplished. "It is useless. We can't possibly escape. There are sentries posted in the hall below and all around the house."

"Nevah you mine, massa. Missy Jane hab a way."

Godfrey thrilled at the name. Jane? Was it possible she had interested herself?

"Was it Miss Jane who sent us the food?" he asked. "I supposed it was Mrs. Ellery."

"Wal, you see, massa, it wah missy what pahsuaded missus into sendin' it, an' I reckon it wah Miss Jane what got Kunnel Bessemah to sign de pahmit, kase we ah know huah kin jes' twis' him 'roun' huah fingah like dis." He cleverly imitated the twisting process. The light died out of Godfrey's face.

"An' it wah Miss Jane too," the darky went on, "what got Aunt Rache to put dat truck of Aunt Rache's old mammy's in de wine."

Godfrey now understood what had inspired Jane to make this attempt; for it was an Ellery tradition how Aunt Rachel's mother—a Voodoo woman—had once saved her mistress's family from an Indian massacre by placing a jug of drugged brandy within tempting reach of the invading savages. They fell upon the brandy before they fell upon the inmates of the house, and by the time the beverage had been consumed they were lying inert masses upon the floor.

While it was clever in Jane to resort to it now, Godfrey deprecated her action, for it was likely to bring trouble and exposure to her without aid to him. However, he reflected rather bitterly, her influence with Bessemer would enable her to escape punishment even should her plot be discovered.

There was agitation in the great oak-tree whose branches shaded the garret windows. The three men started at the rustling sound; the whites with apprehension, the black with a knowing look.

Through the entry window was thrust a long stick with a crook on the end. To this crook was tied a bundle. The stick swayed nervously, as though it were held by hands scarce strong enough to support it. Gabriel dashed to the window, seized it, and laid the bundle triumphantly at Godfrey's feet.

"Thah you is, massa; thah you is. Missy Jane said her'd do it, an' her hab. Dis am a Britisher unifoahm. All you's got to do am to put it on mighty quick an' walk down dem steps big as life wid dis ohdah in you han'. See, I took him from de redcoat jes' like missy tole me to." He held up Bessemer's order admitting him with the refreshments. "Dem redcoats ain't goin' to read it. Dey jes' see Kunnel Bessemah's name 'tached to it, an' dat's enough. Dey'll tink

you's a British offisah, suah, an' when you gits to de gate ah you's got to do am to say de pass-wuhd, what am 'Solitude.' Missy Jane huahed Massa Edwahd say it ovah to a gen'man to-night to make suah he had it right."

Godfrey was paying slight heed to the darky. He was reading the note Jane had attached to the uniform, in which she urged haste.

Without a word of explanation or apology, he began in the most high-handed manner to divest General Pierce of his coat and thrust the British hat and coat upon him.

"The breeches will do," he said; "they will not be noticed in the dim light, and with Bessemer's order in your hand you are likely to be passed without too much inspection. At any rate, there is no time to change."

He pushed the General towards the head of the stairs, and the old man, utterly bewildered, was passive in his grasp. Then suddenly rousing himself, he threw off the compelling hands and faced the younger man in a fury.

"Why, why, boy, you fool, you, do you think I'm going to escape in clothes provided for you?"

"General, listen to me. You know that I am taller than any man in Bessemer's troop. If I attempt to go, I shall be stopped, and it will not only mean death for both of us, but compromise for Miss Ellery and possibly death for Gabriel here as well. If you make the attempt, you have every prospect of success and can then gather some of our brave fellows to come here and rescue me before sunrise, the hour which we were told Bessemer had fixed for our execution."

As he finished speaking Worthington stepped back into the room they had formerly occupied, and closing the door, drew a heavy chest across it, thus effectually shutting Pierce out.

The old man perceived with rising choler the ruse the younger had employed. By imprisoning himself thus in the room he cut off the other's arguments and made it imperative for him to go or for both to be left to their fate.

Gabriel, liking the change of plan no better than the General, nevertheless hurried him forward. "If Massa Godfrey won't go, an' you is, you bettah hurry, sah. Dar ain't no time to stan' agitatin' heah no longah. We ah'll be caught 'n strung up, suah."

Still reluctant, the old man descended the stairs.

## XI.

### THE REPRIEVE

"MASSA GODFREY," Gabriel called cautiously through the keyhole, "he am done gone. Good-by, young massa. Gawd bless you, sah." The darky's voice was a sob.



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Godfrey opened the door and issued forth. "Good-by, old boy," he said, "good-by." The white and the black hands clasped, and the negro, the tears rolling down his cheeks, stumbled blindly towards the stairs.

Godfrey turned back into the room and, seating himself upon the chest beside the diminishing candle, awaited the coming of the death-guard. Little did he surmise that all this time Jane had been in the tree outside the entry window, where she could see what went on, and while she could not hear what was said, for the tones were too low and her distance too great, she could not fail to understand the meaning of the pantomime.

Was there no way left to save him? Could she think of no other plan? Why was she given a brain at all if it would not serve her in such extremity? Suppose that to-morrow, that an hour hence, when too late, some plan would come to her by which she might have saved him? She could not bear it! She raised her eyes to the jewelled sky. "Oh God," she prayed, "take away from me all power for future thinking, but concentrate in me now, for this one instant, the power to think to some avail."

As though in answer to her prayer a thought did come to her. Working her way down cautiously from the topmost branches where she had clung to the wider limbs below, whose leaves played within her open window, she waited until the sentry beneath had gone to the other end of his beat, and then swung herself to her window-ledge.

It was an old, old trick, one she had played dozens of times in her childhood and girlhood. Often she and Edward had gone through that performance when they were children, and one or the other of them was incarcerated in the garret for some misdemeanor.

The noose was ready to fit to Worthington's neck when a figure in the uniform of a British lieutenant, with a military cloak slung across its shoulders, rushed upon the scene.

"Captain, you are to join Colonel Bessemer at once near the old stone wall back of the meadow. He fears an attack from the Americans, and every man is needed at his post. Do not delay a second."

"But, Lieutenant Ellery, what about this fellow? We were to hang him."

"Leave him to me. I will attend to this man."

"But shall I not leave some of my men with you, sir? He might prove troublesome."

The Lieutenant drew his slim figure up to its full height, while into his lisping tones, heretofore somewhat breathless, he threw haughty imperiousness. "What, has the British army fallen so low that a

British lieutenant is not a match for one poor Rebel prisoner with his hands bound? 'Tis a sad state of affairs. I advise you not to stand quibbling here, Captain, when your Colonel expects you."

The Captain looked troubled. Though nominally superior in rank, he knew that young Ellery's position, as Bessemer's favorite, was far superior to his own. He had no wish to offend the Lieutenant, much less to disobey orders the Colonel might have sent by him, but the proceedings were most irregular.

"If I leave the prisoner in your hands, sir, you will be personally responsible for him?"

"Certainly," the other answered brusquely.

Still reluctant, the Captain gave the command and marched his men off through the woods in the direction the Lieutenant had indicated.

## XII.

### THE BARGAIN

"JANE," said Worthington quietly, when they had gone, "do you know the terrible risk you are running in this mad attempt?"

In her tomboyish days he had more than once seen Jane dressed in her brother's clothes and heard her skilfully mock his voice and ways, for, in truth, Jane had no little talent as an actress. On her part, she evinced no surprise at his recognition.

"Yes," she answered to his question, drawing her cloak about her to conceal as much as she could her male attire, "I know it all, but I do not care. I do not even care that I have just implicated my brother in a way that may make it most difficult for him to extricate himself. I must, I will save you, and when that is done I shall go to Colonel Bessemer and tell him all."

"What will you tell him?" Worthington asked.

"I shall tell him that I could not permit him to commit a ruthless murder; to soil his hands with blood in this cruel fashion."

The American drew back. "Ah, that is it," he said bitterly. "It is to save him from murder, to keep his hands unsmirched, you do it; it is for his sake—I might have known."

She had unbound his arms by now, and stood off from him. "Captain Worthington, permit me to advise you to go at once."

"Go?" he cried disdainfully. "Go and leave you to face alone the consequences of your rash action? No; it might be that Colonel Bessemer would not properly appreciate the effort you have made to prevent his doing that which is his chief daily amusement. I shall seek the gentleman and put myself again into his hands, with the request that he make quick work of me."

"Godfrey!"

Even that very dull young man could not fail to interpret the cry

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of pain and entreaty. "Jane!" He possessed himself of her hands, but she snatched them from him.

"Oh, go," she besought. "If ever you cared for me, if ever I was aught to you, go. Do you not see that my heart is breaking with fear?"

"Is it possible you do care for me, Jane?" he asked, too flushed with sudden joy to have mind for aught else. "Is it not Bessemer you love, after all?"

"Bessemer?" she repeated, throwing back her head with her familiar gesture of disdain and speaking in a tone of scorn that ill became one who had only that morning been tempted by the British Colonel's silver tongue.

Roused at last to the necessity of grasping this chance of escape by her expostulations, he turned for one last embrace, one final word of good-by, then plunged into the denser shadows of the woods beyond.

Jane stood listening to the crushing of the brush under his feet; then her quick ears caught a sound that sent her to her knees, half fainting, half praying. It was a shout of triumph; the shout of hunters who had come upon their prey.

A shot rang out; another, and another. Then she distinguished Bessemer's voice. "Is he dead? Ah, no, I see; a mere scalp wound that has knocked him senseless. Well, let him lie there until we can fit a noose to finish him with."

Again there was the crunching of twigs under several feet, and she could distinguish in the faint light dark forms moving between the trees. She rose slowly, dazedly. Bessemer, in advance, saw her and waved those behind him back.

"Pardon me, I wish a few words alone with—Lieutenant Ellery."

The sinister pause before the title told Jane that he was not deceived as to her identity. He was determined, however, to deceive his companions if he could. He was no novice in barrack, mess, and camp-fire gossip; he knew well the morsels soldiers love to roll beneath their tongues, and he had no desire that this girl's name should be smirched, as it would be if the lengths to which she had gone to save Worthington's life that night were known. His pride's protection moved him to this course, if nothing else. He had paid her marked attention; had openly courted her brother for her sake; had made no secret of his wooing. To have the name of a woman he had thus honored linked unsavorily with that of another man was galling.

"It were a pity, Madam," he said, between his teeth, "for your family's sake, not to mention your own, that your discretion does not keep pace with your determination. Your mad actions to-night

have placed your relatives in a position that is, to say the least, unenviable."

If he had expected her to be crushed by these cutting words, he reckoned little of Jane's spirit. "A state of affairs, sir," she answered promptly, "for which you, and you alone, are responsible. Had you paid heed to my supplications,—had you not persisted in your determination to murder Captain Worthington in this cold-blooded manner,—I would not have been driven to this extremity to save the life of one who was my childhood's friend and to save your soul from black infamy."

Bessemer was dumfounded. He had looked for tears, entreaties, protestations, perhaps some maidenly confusion over her discovery in male attire—though, indeed, the cloak, which the heavy dews and chilly atmosphere of the early morning hours in that Southern climate lent excuse for did much to conceal the man's uniform.

It was well for Jane that her voice, relieved now of its lisp and its assumed depth, was sweet, and that so much of her face as could be seen was beautiful; else Bessemer might have been irritated beyond the bounds of courtesy by her effrontery.

"Madam," he said, "you speak with your accustomed emphasis; but you will perceive that your clever plot has been foiled. My good Captain was not so stupid but that he thought best to communicate with me before accepting too unquestioningly the order which he supposed had been sent him through Lieutenant Ellery. In truth, you have aped your brother Edward so well in looks, though not in conduct, that I do not wonder he was deceived; but as the next act in our little drama might be harrowing to your feelings, I will, with your permission, escort you from the scene after I have given orders that the execution proceed."

Jane thought rapidly. There was one last throw in the game left her,—and she might even make it and yet not win; or, winning, at what sacrifice! But as long as this last chance remained could she refuse to take it? "Colonel Bessemer," she said, "some hours since you made me the offer to exchange Captain Worthington's life for my promise to be your wife. If that offer was made in good faith, I will—accept it."

A stony expression settled upon Bessemer's face; his eyes looked at her coldly. Ardently had he wooed this young woman less than two hours since; but that was before she had jeopardized her reputation by going to wild lengths to save another man's life. On the other hand, his pulses throbbed at every inflection of her voice, at every display of her proud spirit, her haughty temper. To have all this youthfulness, wilfulness, loveliness for his very own, to bend that haughty will to his—the thought was fascinating.

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"I am waiting, sir." The girl's eyes looked at him with cold surprise. Apparently Miss Ellery was astonished that the bargain she offered should not be more eagerly accepted.

Bessemer noted this with some amusement, and with pleasure too. It pleased him that she seemed to have no conception that she had done aught which could make her less acceptable in his eyes. Had she turned to him as a suppliant, he would have scorned her; but she came as a purchaser who offered a price which she evidently considered high; and Bessemer was too human not to value that which was offered him at much the value at which it was offered.

"You are willing to accept an offer which I made you sometime since?" he said slowly. "Ah, yes; I remember,—for your hand against this fellow's life; and you would have me renew it now that you might give your hand to me and your heart, together with his life, to him. A charming bargain, truly."

"You refuse, then?" She turned away with the air of an empress, drawing her cloak about her, and apparently forgetful that she wore not sweeping trains, but trod instead in dragoon boots.

Bessemer's breath came more quickly. "One moment, my queenly Jane," he interposed. "You seem most ready to accept refusal at my hands, which makes me think that after all the bargain you offer is not so bad. You are a most enchanting puzzle. One instant, I am convinced your heart is all this Rebel's; yet, were it so, methinks you would not be so willing to abandon your attempt to buy his life. And if I do agree to give his life in exchange for your plighted word, what then? Is it to be understood that I am to have the right to claim you for my wife whenever I so choose? I am no believer in long engagements, nor in procrastination either in love or war; nor do I propose to be put off with one excuse and another. Come, Jane, if I let this fellow live, will you be mine on any day that I may set, or at any moment that seems to me most expedient?"

Jane turned slowly. "Have you not my word?" she demanded. "I wonder that you care to wed one whom you seem to trust so little; but since you wish to add another to your demands, I will consent provided you permit me to add to my conditions. I will agree to marry you whenever you shall choose upon the promise that you not only spare Captain Worthington's life upon this occasion, but that you bind yourself to never again strive to take it from him except in fair fight upon the field of battle."

"Upon my word," he remarked sneeringly, "this friend Worthington of yours seems to stand mightily in need of feminine protection. It is usual to expect that an able-bodied man will have sufficient prowess and bravery to fight for the preservation of his life himself without having to be hedged about with defences brought by a woman."



"I believe," Jane returned, "it is also usual to expect a man to have sufficient attractions to win a wife without resorting to bargain and sale to secure her."

Bessemer bowed low. "A fair retort," he observed; "one which but equals in brilliancy all that falls from your lips. Your piquancy of speech, dear lady, has largely fixed me in my determination to possess you for my own. One need never fear an insipid life when it is sauced by your tongue."

"Sir, you have heard my last condition. Do you accept it?"

"And you accept mine, I do."

XIII.

A TEST

WHEN Bessemer entered the dining-room next morning his keen eye noted Jane's absence. "Are we not to have Mistress Jane with us?" he asked, as he and his officers seated themselves at the breakfast-table.

"I know not what apology to make for Jane," said her stepmother, "but it seems she set out at dawn for one of those horseback rides of which she is so fond, and has not yet returned. I doubt me not she will come in at the tail end of the meal, when all is cold, as is her wont."

But the meal drew to a close and still no Jane appeared. Bessemer's brow, clear enough upon his entrance into the room, grew creased, and when his arrangements for departure were complete and still she had not come he ill concealed his irritation. The reflection that Jane must have known that he could not long delay his departure from her father's house, and the suspicion that she had taken herself off for the very purpose of depriving him of that adieu to which, as her accepted lover, he was entitled, was not pleasing.

When the troops rode out from the Ellery place the mist of early morning in late summer filled the air. At the head of the cavalcade rode Bessemer, and close beside him was the prisoner, carried by a stout trooper upon his horse. The American's arms were tightly bound, while the sabre-cut upon his cheek showed livid in the morning light.

Gradually the levelness of the way was broken by low hills, and finally the horsemen entered the mouth of a great forest. The road dipped into a hollow, and suddenly the trees burst into sheets of flame. Horses reared and plunged and went down, carrying their riders with them.

The trooper who guarded Worthington was shot in the temple; his horse was shot under him, and the prisoner himself lay in a helpless heap upon the ground. Bessemer's own horse, an animal he loved dearly, had been killed; and the British Colonel, frenzied with mortification at the completeness of the surprise, recovered from the fall he had received to find Worthington lying at his feet.

"You treacherous villain!" he cried. Unsheathing his sword, he was about to run him through, when his eyes met those of Lieutenant Ellery.

Edward, shot through the arm, had been unable to control his plunging steed and was dismounted, falling with his head against the trunk of a tree. Stunned, his brain was just clearing when his gaze encountered that of his Colonel. Bessemer could not say that the young man's eyes pleaded for the life of his old playmate, yet there was that in them which reminded the Englishman too much of Jane not to make his arm waver.

In calling Worthington a treacherous villain, a term which scarce applied to one who had ever been an open enemy, his mind had been filled rather with surmises of Jane's treachery. Might it not be that her morning ride was for the very purpose of gathering this band of Americans to rescue her lover? Might not the whole ambushade be of her planning? But with Edward's face, the picture of her own, before him such thought melted. Nay, he could not believe her guilty of such disloyalty. Surely, the danger of imperilling her brother, if no other consideration, would have stayed her. With his returning belief in her came memory of his promise, and he put aside his sword.

"Your horse, Edward," he said; for Edward's mount, reared from a colt upon his father's plantation and ever the young man's pet, having succeeded in throwing his master, was seized with consternation and now stood with penitent, drooped head. Bessemer vaulted into the empty saddle, and was soon reorganizing his demoralized troops,—encouraging, reviling, inspiring.

As his back was turned two figures darted from behind trees, seized Worthington, and made their way boldly towards a thicket from whence the shots came heaviest. The kidnapping of the prisoner had not been unnoticed, but those redcoats who sought to interfere found themselves the special targets of the finest marksmen in the world.

The fire slackened, the assailants were drawing off. Sensing this, the British began to beat the bushes for their retiring foe. Bessemer divided his forces and sent part of them, under his Lieutenant-Colonel Turner with Edward as guide, to the eastward, while he himself set out in the opposite direction. The way he had chosen was that which would lead him past the Elijah Ellery abode, and he was prompted to this course by a remark of Edward's that morning that he supposed Jane had gone to her Aunt Susannah's on her ride, else she would have been back in time for breakfast. With the escape of the prisoner from his clutches, the Englishman's suspicion of Jane had returned, and bitterly he regretted now that he had not killed the American while he had him in his power. As he rode towards the plantation a determination fixed itself in his mind, and he but needed to find Jane there to put it into execution.

War had played sad havoc with the Elijah Ellery place. The mansion-house had been burned by British and Tories some months before, while the once fertile fields lay neglected and untilled. Mrs. Ellery now occupied the cottage of the overseer, himself away in the army with his employer. Breakfast was just over, and Jane and her aunt still lingered at the table. The temptation to pour into her aunt's sympathetic ear the tale of last night's adventures and of the culminating bargain was not to be resisted. As they sat at the table they discussed it.

"Marry Bessemer?" Mrs. Ellery cried. "Bind yourself for life to a man who could exact such a promise from you? Never!"

"Dear aunt, I must," Jane answered. "There is no loophole of escape. My word is out. Remember, no Ellery ever breaks his word or hers."

"Neither are the Ellerys wont to make alliances with scoundrels," her aunt retorted. "Marry him I say you shall not!" She brought her fist upon the table with an emphasis which caused the aristocratic old china, saved from the wreckage of her home, to utter a refined protest against such rude vehemence.

Jane pushed back her chair and rose. "I must away home," she said. "I doubt me not my stepmother is in hysterics by now with anxiety as to my whereabouts."

"Nonsense, child. You are not half rested. Nay, stay you here and I will have Sam put up your horse and get out Black Nan to go himself to your father's with a message that you are here."

Heedless of Jane's protest, she bustled onto the porch. A glance down the road, visible from that vantage-point, caused her to fling up her hands in consternation and hasten back to her niece.

"Jane," she exclaimed in an agitated tone, "who think you is galloping up the road, making straight for here? That wretch Bessemer, looking like a bantam rooster astride a big gray horse."

"Coming here? Are you sure? I cannot, I will not see him."

"He has his men with him, so mayhap he is not going to stop; but keep you in the house, and I will dispatch him speedily."

She returned to the porch. Scarce had she taken up her position when Bessemer came in sight. Jane's horse, the sleek chestnut which was her favorite, did not escape his eye. With a word of command to his officers, he threw himself from his horse and strode through the gate to the front porch, at the top of whose steps Mrs. Ellery stood.

"Ah, Colonel, good-morning," said the lady condescendingly. "'Tis long since I have had the pleasure of welcoming you to my home."

It could not be said that her welcome the only other time he had visited her had been friendly. It was upon the occasion of the burning of her house, an event which both remembered.

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"Will you not be seated here upon my good settee?" she proceeded. "I find the spot it occupies a most shady and restful one at this time in the morning, and it would feel honored to hold so brave a gentleman."

Her guest looked at her somewhat suspiciously. Such graciousness from such a source was too unexpected to be received without reservation, yet he was not to be outdone in courtesy.

"Ah, Madam," he said, as he bent to kiss her hand, "you little know what a pleasure it is to me to receive so kind a welcome at your hands. 'Tis doubly precious; first, because it comes from your sweet self and, second, because it leads me to believe that you will extend the welcome to embrace me not only as your guest but as your nephew. Doubtless your niece, who I see by her horse without the gate is now with you, has already acquainted you with the happiness she has bestowed upon me in consenting to become my wife. I am here to claim the consummation of that promise. Advices from my General, Cornwallis, tell me that our army is to move and that my detachment may be sent into North Carolina. I fear, therefore, it may be many days, nay, months, before the fortunes of war permit me to return hither, and I cannot leave without knowing that your niece is under the protection of my name. My good chaplain is without, prepared to make us one, and I have but to crave the hospitality of your roof and the boon of your blessing for the completion of our happiness."

"You cannot mean," Mrs. Ellery cried, "that you expect to marry Jane here—now? My good man, you are out of your senses."

"Nay, my dear Madam, never more in them, I assure you. Love is a great sharpener of wits."

"Maybe so, when it has any to work on," his hostess retorted with asperity, flinging aside her role of affability, "but you will find yourself upon a fool's errand. Jane is in no mood for marrying, I trow."

"We will allow Mistress Jane to decide that for herself. May I trouble you to call her?"

"Yes, right gladly will I call her and let her rebuke your insolence as it deserves." She stepped to the hall door. "Jane, child, come here. Colonel Bessemer wishes to speak with you."

Jane was astonished that her aunt should summon her, but she presumed there must be some urgent cause,—a message from her father and mother or her brother, for she had seen through the window that Edward was not with the other officers; therefore she stepped from the room into the hall. Catching sight of her, Bessemer went swiftly forward and took her hand.

"I have come," he said, bending his head and speaking in a low tone, "to claim the promise you made me. My chaplain is without, prepared to marry us. Despatches from my General, Cornwallis, as I

have explained to your aunt, necessitate my immediate departure. I cannot leave without knowing that you are surely mine, bound to me by the sacred ties of matrimony."

Jane recoiled. "You cannot mean," she exclaimed, "that you have come to marry me now."

"And why not? Was it not to be when I chose?"

"True; but surely you will give me more time. My father, my mother, even my brother, are not here. You would not have me marry without their presence? No; I am confident you have but said this to test my loyalty to my promise."

"And if I had," he sneered, "it would seem the test has proven a severe strain; that the tension has brought your promise to the breaking-point."

"You wrong me," she answered. "I am ready to keep my promise, but I had expected more charity in time."

"Yet, as I recollect it, there was no question of time in our compact save such time as should be of my choosing."

"That is so; and yet I am sure you will not take it ill if I beseech you to make your choice of a later date. You cannot consider it unreasonable that I should ask a little time for preparation—a week, if you will; but if not, then a day. I am certain you will grant me this."

Her every protest but served to increase Bessemer's determination. "It may be that my memory plays me false," he remarked, "yet it occurs to me that the other night you promised to marry me at any moment which might seem to me most expedient. This is the moment; but if such were not your promise, then, of course——"

"Such was my promise, but——"

"But now that the object for which that promise was given is attained, I may whistle for the payment of my claim? Is that your stand? Well, while I should have looked for fairer treatment at the hands of a daughter of the Ellerys and the sister of your brother, still——"

"Say no more," Jane interrupted proudly. "I shall beseech no further favors. I am prepared to do your bidding."

"Ah, Madam," he observed, "it is now your better self which speaks." He turned towards the porch, upon which Mrs. Ellery had remained impatient. "My dear aunt to be," he said, "I am a candidate for your congratulations. Your beloved niece has promised to marry me at once."

"Jane, what folly is this?" her aunt cried. "It cannot be that you have submitted to this man's importunities? Fie, I am ashamed of you! You are no niece of mine."

"Dear aunt," Jane answered wearily, "it is the keeping of a promise. You would not have me break it?"



"Tush!" the other woman exclaimed; "there are worse things than broken promises. I have seen the Ellerys make fools of themselves many a time to keep their word, and regret it bitterly afterwards. Thank God, I have no silly Ellery traditions back of me. I am a Morgan, and a Morgan is not afraid to break a promise if by so doing greater crimes can be prevented; and what greater crime could there be, Jane, than the perjury of swearing to love and honor this man when you know that you do neither? Think you," she continued, "that I will permit my house to be the scene of such a farce? Never! You must find some other spot."

Bessemer turned with lifted brows to Jane. "If," she said, in answer to his look, "my aunt will not permit us to be married under her roof, she will not, I am sure, drive us from her garden."

She descended the steps as she spoke, glad to get into the open, for even the well-ventilated hall was choking her. Her pride forbade her to make another protest against the keeping of her promise, and she was anxious to have the ordeal over.

Bessemer summoned the chaplain and the higher of his officers, and with a brief but adroit explanation requested the reverend gentleman to perform the ceremony. That holy man began a hasty search for his book, not being prepared for so startling a demand. Bessemer's brows contracted as the search lengthened.

While they all stood thus, they were startled by shouts coming from the hill where the Ellery mansion had once stood. The shouts were followed by some scattering shots which fell far short, as they were meant to do, of the waiting group. Upon the hill could be seen a gathering of many horsemen.

Officers and men turned eager eyes upon Bessemer. Would he respond to this challenge sent him from that distant point, or would he proceed with his marriage? But Bessemer had been soldier before he was lover, and to do aught but respond was not his nature. With a hasty word to Jane, a ringing command to his men, he leaped into his saddle and dashed towards the eminence. The horsemen whirled about. Their mission was accomplished—to draw him from the Ellery place. Neatly dodging Edward with his pursuing force, they had galloped towards the Elijah Ellery plantation, only to find Bessemer there before them. Worthington, remembering Bessemer's hand in burning Mrs. Ellery's other home and too far off to recognize Jane, had not known but that Bessemer's present mission was a marauding one. To draw Bessemer's attention from the unprotected mistress of the house to themselves was the quick scheme of his companions and himself.

Then began a long chase and a hot one. Bessemer's force was nearly quadruple his opponents', and could he have cornered them it would have meant their extermination; but with their wirier steeds, their

knowledge of every hollow and ravine, every rock and crevice, he had only the excitement of the race for his pains; yet it was not in him to give up so long as his wily foes let him keep them in sight, and night overtook him ere he abandoned the pursuit.

Returning disgruntled to the highway, he met a messenger from Cornwallis with an imperative summons to join the main army at once. However great the temptation might have been to tarry long enough to consummate his interrupted marriage with Jane, he was yet too great a stickler for discipline to do otherwise than obey instantly the commands of his chief.

XIV.

HE DID A-WOOING GO

It was the second evening after the Americans had so cleverly given the British the slip that Captain Worthington set forth from his father's house. The Captain's Continental uniform had been laid aside, and he was attired in the most approved riding costume for gentlemen of that day. His high-top boots so shone that you could have used them for mirrors with the greatest ease; his knee-breeches were of finest broadcloth; the frills of his shirt were beautifully pinked, while the playful evening breeze toyed with his open coat just enough to display its rich crimson lining. Those who had seen him two days before would scarce have thought he could turn out such a fop.

When he reached the Ellery place and dismounted to open the great gates which led to the avenue the sun was just sinking behind the strip of woodland to the west, while such of the west windows of the mansion as were closed blushed brilliant red under the ardor of its good-night kiss.

The low branches of the handsome elms bent towards him with murmurous greeting; a toad hopped from out the bordering grass and looked up at him with beady, friendly eyes; a dog came from around the house and ran towards him with joyously wagging tail and gay bark. All bespoke a gracious welcome. When he reached the front door there was no need to lift the heavy knocker, for Gabriel had caught sight of him from somewhere within and hastened to meet him, while Absalom came to take his horse, a great concession, as Godfrey knew.

"Yes, sah, Massa Godfrey, Missy Jane am home, suah," Gabriel declared, too sure of the fact to wait to ask his young mistress about it.

Godfrey, anticipating a better opportunity for private converse with Jane outside, declined the invitation to enter the house and settled himself upon one of the seats which ran along the side of the portico. Lightning-bugs were flashing among the trees of the avenue; a katydid set up a plaint in the wistaria vine beside him; in the dark depths of the woods an owl was hooting. The silence of night was falling, and with it had come the night-sounds.

Gabriel hurried up to Jane's room to announce Godfrey's arrival, and not finding her there hastened with the utmost confidence to Mr. Ellery's sitting-room, for at this time in the evening Jane and her stepmother were likely to be with the invalid. Gabriel did not know, as the older servants of the David Ellery household knew, that young Worthington was not in favor with Mrs. Ellery.

Jane, who had been reading to her father, let fall the book into her lap at his announcement of Worthington's arrival, while Mrs. Ellery dropped her embroidery. An instant's uneasy silence pervaded the apartment.

"The insolence!" said Mrs. Ellery at last. "How dare he come here in this high-handed manner? And how has he escaped the British? When last we knew of him, he was their captive, only saved by Colonel Bessemer's great clemency from being a corpse. No doubt he is now a fugitive, fleeing from them, and relies upon you, Jane, to aid his escape or to hide him here. Was there ever such audacity? Gabriel, tell the man to be gone; that under no consideration will Miss Jane see him."

Up rose Jane, and laid her book upon the near-by table with an emphatic slap. "You must permit me," she said, looking coldly at her stepmother and for once blind to the nervous frown which had gathered upon her father's brow and to the wistful look which ever came into his eyes at sign of disagreement between her and his wife, "you must permit me to deal with my visitors as I see fit. Gabriel, you can go."

She swept from the room, out into the hall, and half-way down the stairs; and then she stopped,—stopped to collect her thoughts; to still the flutter of her heart; to plan her mode of procedure.

Godfrey, sitting upon the portico, gazing into the peaceful night, was thinking of the beauty of the surroundings; of the luxuriousness of Jane's home. It required no little courage, no small amount of self-confidence, to ask her to leave it for him; and that she could think enough of him to do it—ah, that was the wonderful thing.

Yet, if all went well, when this war was over, when American success was assured, as he never doubted it would be, he could offer her a home scarcely less beautiful, for he would accept his grandfather's offer to manage for him his estates in Virginia. Settled in the great white house under the Virginia oaks and walnuts, Jane would miss but little of the luxury of her present abode.

There was a flutter of white upon the staircase, a soft step across the hall. Godfrey sprang to his feet. "Jane!" he cried, holding out both hands; but the one hand Jane gave him was cold,—cold despite the fragrant warmth of the night.

"Ah, Jane," cried Worthington, the heat of his own emotions

making him impervious for the nonce to the chill of her demeanor, "how I have longed for this moment, for this opportunity to see you, since that blessed night when you saved my life; and did far more than save it—made it worth the living by telling me that you loved me. It seems incredible that but four days have passed since then. They seem rather like four months, so lagging has been each moment until I could again be with you."

With an effort, Jane freed her hand from his strong clasp and moved away from him to the edge of the portico.

"Captain Worthington," she said, without looking at him, "I pray that you will forget that night and all that occurred then. Let us cancel it from our memory."

"Cancel it?" he gasped. "Cancel it? Jane, what do you mean? Is this some joke, some witticism, that I am too dull to see the humor of?"

"Nay," she answered, half turning towards him and speaking in a voice whose sweetness was lost in over-firmness, "when I tell you that I am betrothed to Colonel Bessemer you will possibly—understand."

"Betrothed to Colonel Bessemer? And since when?" He came closer. "Since when? Were you, perhaps, betrothed to him that night when you risked your life to save mine; when what made that life worth the saving was the belief that you glorified it by your love? Tell me, Jane, were you betrothed to Colonel Bessemer then?" He laid his hand upon her arm.

She shrank back. "No—since."

"Since? And with the memory of that night before you? No, I will not believe it. You are playing with me; but seeking to test my love—my faith in you. Know, then, that there is no test you can bring to bear which it will not stand. I believe in you, in your faithfulness, as I believe in God."

The girl threw out her hand in a gesture of despair. How hard, how bitterly hard, he was making it.

He came still closer. "Speak to me, beloved," he said. "Tell me why you thought it necessary to put me to this test?"

She clasped her hands in front of her. Temptation was pressing her close; pressing her to throw herself into his arms; to tell him all; to acquaint him with that wretched bargain she had made; but if she should yield—if she should tell him? What then? It would mean the forfeit of his life or Bessemer's. She knew that he would never rest until one life or the other had paid the penalty.

No, no; honor, duty, everything demanded that she herself, no other, should pay the price. It was she who had done the bargaining; she had bought with her eyes open; and was the price too great to pay for that which she had bought? With the living man beside her, could

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she regret her purchase? If she had it to do over, would she not again do what she had done? Just to know that he was in the world, was that not enough to pay any price for?

She turned to the figure beside her. "In stress of excitement, Captain Worthington," she said, "we oft do that which our cooler judgment does not approve. You and I have been friends from childhood. I have long looked upon you as a brother. Your life is nearly as precious to me as my own brother's. That night, when I had devised a way to save it and you were so laggard in availing yourself of the opportunity, I——"

"You?" He bent his dark head towards her.

A soft-footed, dusky figure had a minute before lighted the tree of candles which stood upon the carved oaken cabinet within the hall. The light shone through the broad entrance and spread across the portico, but Jane resolutely kept her face turned towards the twilight, which was deepening into night, and the brilliant glow at her back served rather to throw her features into shadow than to betray their emotions.

"And you—what, Jane?" Godfrey prodded gently.

She clasped and unclasped her hands nervously. The task she had set herself was a lacerating one, but she went on with it bravely, if falteringly. "And it may be that I—in my anxiety that my old-time friend, that Mary's brother, should not recklessly throw the chance of saving his life away, it may be that in the flurry of the moment, in the press of crowding events, I—led you to believe—my feelings"—she stopped, and then she gathered her determination and continued—"were of a different—character——"

"Jane!" The cry was that of a wounded animal.

There was a heavy silence, weighed upon her side with rising fear, with the strangling of loving impulses; upon his, with a gathering torrent of anger that was sweeping away the daze the blow had caused him. When next he spoke his voice was harsh. There was in it none of the gentleness of appeal, none of the sweetness of that faith of which he had boasted.

"And so," he said at last, "Miss Ellery had resort that night to her well-known talent for acting—one of her many gifts—to deceive me into the belief that the life she offered was really of value. Now that I am acquainted with its true worth, you may be sure I shall guard it well."

He strode down the steps, across the gravel, into the gloomy interior of the avenue. He had forgotten that his horse was in the Ellery stables. Out through the wide gates he went, into the dusty road, over the miles that lay between his home and Jane's; and Jane still leaned, a white and broken figure, against the pillar of the portico.



## XV.

## A JOURNEY

A YEAR had passed, and had brought to Jane much of sadness, for her father's death had occurred in the spring.

Her stepmother, worn out by nursing Mr. Ellery through his long illness and by the later cares of the estate, had broken down, and was only just recovering from a fever when word came that Edward had been severely wounded in a skirmish with Lafayette's army in Virginia and was lying, it was feared, at the point of death in Portsmouth. It was Bessemer who wrote, and he urged that Jane and her stepmother set out at once for the young soldier's bedside. It was impossible for Mrs. Ellery to go, but Jane prepared immediately for the journey, upon which her aunt determined to accompany her.

Soon after they entered Virginia they learned that the British forces had abandoned Portsmouth and proceeded to Yorktown; hence it was towards the latter place they directed their course; but, carried out of their correct route, they found themselves in the midst of General Lafayette's army. This might have been somewhat embarrassing had not a colonel of one of the Continental regiments proved a cousin of Mrs. Ellery's and vouched for that lady's loyalty and Miss Ellery's discretion. It was well towards afternoon before they could set out again upon their journey. Dusk had fallen when they reached the town where they were to stop for the night, and with the dusk had come a heavy rain.

The inn at which they took refuge was a ramshackle affair. Mrs. Ellery went early to bed, and after an hour Jane followed her aunt's example, though her vigorous youth rebelled against the too early bedtime and she lay awake, half worrying about her brother, half wondering what reception they would meet with in Yorktown, when there was an entrance into the room back of hers, against whose partition wall her bed was placed.

There were three voices audible. One she recognized as the inn-keeper's; the other two were unfamiliar and more cultured. She gathered that they belonged to a couple of British officers who had stopped at the inn for supper. They spoke of the heavy storm without, and ordered their host to have a fire built that they might dry their drenched garments. Soon she heard him laying it, and presently it began to crackle and roar.

When the fire was well started the host went out. Finally, supper was brought in and there was a merry clatter of dishes. The officers bade the servant who brought it leave them, and then one of them commenced to fret about the heat from the fire. As a result, they moved the table up close to the partition wall, as far away from the

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fireplace as they could get it. This brought it just on the other side of Jane's bed.

They began to talk in low tones, but the girl, after the first pleasurable interest in their entrance had died away, occupied her thoughts with other matters and soon dozed. It was the name of Bessemer which startled her from her light slumber, and involuntarily her ears were on the alert. Then followed some quick, low words which gave her an inkling of what was in the wind. A night attack upon Lafayette's army!

What was she doing—lying there listening—spying? Had she fallen so low as that? Was it not her duty to make some movement which should betray her presence to those men; should apprise them that they were being overheard? Yes, clearly, it was her duty. She, an Ellery, had been bred to know that. Yet she made no movement. They began to boast to each other, always in their subdued voices, that the annihilation of Lafayette's army would mean the crushing of the American cause. It was too weak to stand such a blow as that. The French would be affrighted; there would be no more of their aid forthcoming, and without it where would Mr. Washington be? On his knees before King George.

They finished their supper and arose from the table. Jane could hear them tramping about the room, moving chairs and buckling belts, evidently preparing for departure. She had gathered that they were to ride eastward and join Bessemer to report the result of their reconnaissance. The attack was to be made that night. The door opened and closed. They were gone.

She rose, lighted her candle, and looked at her watch. A quarter of eight. Slowly she dressed. Mrs. Ellery's snores were plainly audible from the next room. She opened her door and peered into the hall. It was deserted. A torch over the stairway and another at the farther end were its only lights. She walked to the head of the stairs and began their descent. They ended in a corridor below. She passed along this to the rear of the house. The way was dark, but she had been over it before, for the carriage had driven through the inn-yard to the stable and she and her aunt had alighted there, entering by the back way.

She gathered her skirts about her and went down the corridor steps. The stable was only a short distance from the house. One of its double doors stood open. A lantern hung within. She made her way to the travelling-carriage and took from under the back seat a hooded cloak, which she threw about her. Then she took a look at her horses, like the Southern woman she was. There were the carriage-horses,—strong, sturdy, a little overfed, turning calm, questioning eyes upon her. There was her aunt's Black Nan, once the fastest horse

in all the country round, but grown too old. There was her own Beetle, sleek coated, fiery eyed, long limbed, turning a knowing gaze upon her. Upon the nails close to hand were neatly placed his accoutrements.

She took down the saddle and bridle and the other paraphernalia. No one knew better than Jane how to saddle a horse, nor would it be the first time she had ridden sideways on a man's saddle. It was easy to summon back tom-boy tricks.

The wind shook the stable, rattled the windows, knocked impatiently at the closed half of the door, fluttered the straw in the forward stalls, flickered the lantern's light. Out into the wind and sputtering rain went Jane and the horse. She led him through the stable-yard, out through the carelessly open gate. It was good weather to be in the house, not weather to tempt idle loungers out doors.

It is a most unseemly thing for a young woman, unattended, to dash up at half-after twelve o'clock at night to a sentry guarding the outpost of a camp, and demand to be taken to his commanding general; or, if not to General Lafayette himself, then to Colonel Jocelyn of the Continental forces. When at last she was face to face with Colonel Jocelyn, he listened gravely to what she had to say and hastened to head-quarters. The sleeping camp was hurried into wakefulness. Her tale was believed.

Colonel Jocelyn urged her to allow him to send an escort back with her, but Jane declined. Yet the riding back was harder than the coming. She and Beetle had no enthusiasm to sustain them. The horse's head was not turned homeward; her mission was accomplished, and the reaction had set in. What would Edward, what would Bessemer, say if they knew what she had done? They would look upon her as a traitor.

Yet, did she regret what she had done? From her aunt's standpoint, from the stand-point of any of her kinspeople but Edward, had she not the right to rejoice if she had indeed saved the American army? She recalled Colonel Jocelyn's words, that there was no calculating the service she had rendered her country in saving the army from such an attack. Her country? Yes, it was her country.

Off in the distance a panther had set up an insidious, persistent cry. For awhile it was the only sound which broke through the pouring rain and sobbing wind; but presently there came another sound, a heavy sound that shook the ground. The British were approaching. She drew in among some trees and, dismounting, laid her hand upon Beetle's bridle. The sound came closer. The front ranks were up to her now. There was a clanking of spurs; the creaking of damp saddles; a low-spoken word of caution or command. They were passing. And still they came, on and on and on; until at length the rear-guard had gone by, the last straggler had disappeared. Then she mounted again her clumsy man's saddle.

## XVI.

## YORKTOWN

It was gray dawn when she rode into the inn stable-yard, but there was no stir about the premises, and she found the stable-door open, as she had left it. While she was putting up her horse and slipping back to her room the British were returning from their fruitless attack. That afternoon, when Bessemer rode out from among the trenches and redoubts of Yorktown to welcome her and her aunt to the fortified town, he little suspected that it was this girl who had compassed his defeat.

The Ellerys found Edward quite as ill as Bessemer's letter had led them to suppose, and for the next few weeks their hands were full with nursing him. When they arrived, the town wore an air of careless ease. Young officers in gay uniforms swaggered through its street, their talk loud boasts of what would be done when reinforcements from Sir Henry Clinton arrived or when the British fleet came; but gradually all this changed. One day hope ran high; the British fleet had been sighted; it was coming; the next, there was the bottomless pit of despair. The fleet was De Grasse's.

Next came information of Washington's arrival; then news that the French and American forces were marching forward from Williamsburg. On the twenty-eighth the town was thrown into a panic. The front column of the approaching armies had been sighted. Orderlies dashed hither and thither; the lines of soldiery were put in motion; the manning of the works was strengthened. The besiegers came; the British abandoned their outer works and huddled within the intrenchments; the siege had begun.

During all the worry and excitement of these troublous times Bessemer did not neglect Jane nor fail to look after her comfort as well as he could. It was no secret among those high enough up to know that, had Cornwallis followed the advice of his Colonel of dragoons, he would have made a bold dash out of Yorktown ere the allied forces had a chance to pen him up. Even now Bessemer begged his commander to make the attempt, and so far prevailed as to win from him permission to make the first essay.

Returning from the conference with his chief, he stopped to see Jane and took her into his confidence sufficiently to tell her something of the enterprise he had on foot.

"If we succeed, sweetheart," he said, "if we get out of this hole where we are held like mice in a trap, then we shall be able to soon turn the tables upon these allies and bring the war to a speedy close; then I shall, shall I not, claim the fulfilment of your promise and carry you back to England with me as my wife?"

"Colonel Bessemer," said Jane, who had tried more than once to interrupt him, "I thank you for the confidence you have reposed in me this afternoon, but I feel that I have been most remiss in receiving it without first acquainting you with something which, when you learn of it, may cause you no longer to desire me for your wife."

Bessemer leaned forward. "You mean——" he said.

Then, with voice which faltered not a little under the growing anger in his eyes, she acquainted him with her ride to warn Lafayette's army. Bessemer's brow darkened; his lips compressed. Pushing back his chair, he walked to the window. "And so," he said, turning to her at last, "you thought to serve a double purpose by your treachery? To save the partisans of your lover, and to forge a means of making me repent the wish to make you my wife? You have miscalculated in the last. You shall marry me. Had I time, did not other matters press, we would be wedded to-night; but as it is, the delay will not be for long, and I will take care that my wife shall be loyal."

He strode from the room. Jane sat for a moment, trembling under the lash of his anger and not less under the misconstruction he had put upon the motive of her confession; then she moved towards the window. It looked out upon an October sunset. To the north and west a crimson curtain had been dropped, and against this curtain was clearly defined the figure of Colonel Bessemer as he rode towards the river.

A heavy fog had wrapped the little town and its environments in a chill embrace when, next morning, the British rode out from their quarters. It was not yet four o'clock, and the sun had not thought of rising; nor was there a streak of dawn. The troops rode silently, for their mission must be performed quietly or not at all. It was, in truth, to capture some new batteries on the French side which had only been completed the day before and were supposed to be poorly guarded. If the effort were successful, it was proposed to throw the whole weight of the British army against the weakened point and cut through a road of escape.

Bessemer and his legion were in the lead, for it was his plan and he was to take the brunt of its execution. He and his men went forward gallantly; they swarmed upon the batteries; they captured them—but, ere the rest of the British force could come up, the alarm had been sounded along the French and American lines; guards rushed from the trenches; company after company of allied troops was sent to the relief of the assailed point, and the British were driven back, leaving their dead and wounded strewn along the batteries; leaving there too the body of their leader.

It was the last attempt of the British save one to escape from the toils which held them, and when that last effort had been made and



foiled, it was little wonder that Lord Cornwallis gave up in despair, nor that he should send proposals for surrender to Mr. Washington.

The day of the surrender dawned fair, but Jane refused to go with her triumphant aunt to see the spectacle. She felt that it was a small enough act of loyalty towards both the dead Bessemer and the living Edward to remain away from a scene that would have been so humiliating to both had they been present to witness it.

But Aunt Susannah was deterred by no such scruples, and, arrayed in all the finery she could muster, with her head held very high, she set forth to view the pageant.

The spectacle was well worth coming miles to see, and many had so come. There was a surprising concourse of onlookers considering the smallness of the town, the poor facilities for travel between the place of surrender and the surrounding country, as well as the haste with which the whole affair had been arranged.

Upon the left stretched the long line of French troops; upon the right, the even longer line of Americans with Washington, the one splendid figure, upon his white charger at their head. The appearance of the triumphant armies was shabby. The uniforms showed the hard work of the siege; the mud-stains of the trenches; the powder burns; the mildew patches woven by foggy nights and hot days. Of the Americans, many were threadbare, and not a few in tatters.

Between these faded columns came the British in the bright new clothes which Cornwallis had that morning, in a final spurt of lavishness, ordered issued; but if their garb was bright, their faces were in contrast. With sullen countenances, downcast eyes, and leaden tread they marched down the long, wide aisles that had been left for them, their colors cased and their drums beating sardonically that appropriate tune, "The World is Turned Upside Down."

It was after the ceremonies were over that Mrs. Ellery and Godfrey met, for young Worthington, it seemed, was a captain of infantry in General Washington's army, and his had been one of the very companies that engaged in the defeat of Bessemer on the foggy morning so fatal to that warrior. Nothing would do but Aunt Susannah must carry him back in triumph with her to the house where she and Jane and Edward were quartered, and on the way Mrs. Ellery's tongue was not idle.

As they entered the door-way of the house Jane was just descending the stairs, on her way to the dining-room to prepare some food for Edward. At sight of Godfrey the color—considerably dimmed by events of the past months—deserted her cheeks, and she laid her hand upon the balustrade for support. It was surprising how so sizable a woman as Aunt Susannah could melt away so quickly, but disappear she did, and Worthington and Jane were left the only occupants of the hall.

## Love's Telegraphy—Where Sunshine Was 703

"Jane." He came swiftly towards her. "Jane, your aunt has just told me what you have done, what you were to do for my sake, of the sacrifice you had made and were to make to save my life. My God, to think that you could have sacrificed yourself thus for me, and that I, fool, poltroon, should have misread you, should have—Jane, can you forgive the words I spoke at your father's house the last night we were together? Can you, perhaps, still care a little for a man so dull that he could not read your too generous heart aright, and must needs have it interpreted for him by others? Tell me, Jane, can you care for such a one?"

The gay strains of a martial band passing the house drifted in from the street as he bent his head to receive his answer.

### LOVE'S TELEGRAPHY

BY LAURA BELL

I SIT awake, yet, waking, dream of thee,  
And e'en my very eyeballs burn like fire  
From strained gaze,—intensified desire  
Of seeing far, through space if so could be,  
And drawing with a look thy soul to me.  
Succeeding not, bethink me I'm a lyre,  
And all my quivering nerves to sound aspire,  
Responsive to thy lightest touch with glee.

My heart's attuned to thine,—canst feel it not?  
Thy thoughts are twin of mine if Love exist,  
Else why this yearning past mine own control?  
Thy answer comes! A current swift and hot  
Makes eyelid droop as though 'twere gently kissed,  
And thou and I have spoken soul to soul!

### WHERE SUNSHINE WAS

BY MARION HILL

UNWON my wish, yet every day was bright  
With sunshine of expectancy, which thrilled  
The joying heart to noblest aim, and willed  
That life should reach its promise; then the light  
Dimmed,—died,—and time went whirling down in night  
And rain of tears, wept for the wish fulfilled.

# THE NEW ATMOSPHERE

By Charles Morris

*Author of "The War with Spain," "Our Island Empire," "The Nation's Navy," etc.*



TIME was—and not very far-off time—when the ocean of air in which we “live, move, and have our being” was looked upon as a simple and single substance, a unit in its attributes, almost a blank in its properties. It had a mission, and a very moving one—that of the wind. It was capable of running through a wide gamut between dead stillness and tornado fury,—now an impalpable essence, now a rending demon,—but chemically it was the one substance, “air,” of which men knew next to nothing. At a late date, indeed, they added to this the fancied substance “phlogiston,” the fire element, the basis of flame, the all-devouring spirit of the atmosphere. Such was man’s conception of the aërial ocean until a century and a quarter ago, when a revolution in our ideas began, singularly, at nearly the same date as the beginning of the American political revolution. To-day we know that the air is a complex instead of a simple body, made up of at least ten, possibly many more, constituents, and containing in addition various fugitive substances, gaseous and solid, living and dead, terrestrial and celestial, the flotsam and jetsam of the earth and of space, swept in and swallowed up by the great ocean of the invisible in which the earth swims. It is of interest to know that many of these aërial elements are of very recent discovery, five of them having been fallen upon in the closing years of the nineteenth century. We are thus, in our dealings with the atmosphere, in the presence of one of the novel and most interesting results of recent scientific activity.

The first rude shock to the prevailing ideas concerning the atmosphere was given in 1774, when Priestley discovered in it the very active element, oxygen. Two years later he added to this the passive element, nitrogen, and the two main constituents of the invisible air became captives of science. To these new elements the old ideas clung for a time. Oxygen was named by its discoverer dephlogisticated air. It lacked phlogiston, the fancied fire element, and sought it with eager appetite in whatever it touched. Nitrogen was called phlogisticated air. It was believed to be saturated with phlogiston and therefore fatal to flame. While oxygen combined briskly with

almost all the elements, nitrogen refused to combine at all except under great provocation. Though intimately mingled in the atmosphere, these elements were as unlike in character as two substances well could be.

No long time passed before a third substance was found in the atmosphere, this time not a chemical element, but the compound gas, carbonic acid. While not great in quantity, it proved to be indispensable in quality, since all the world of living things is dependent upon it for existence. Inimical as it is, when in large quantity, to animal life, without it there could be no life at all, and the earth would be a dead and barren expanse. For the plant world gains from this gas its foundation element of carbon, and is thus enabled to lay up those stores of food upon which the animal world depends.

A fourth constituent of the air was discovered in 1840. It had long been known that a peculiar odor is given off by the electric spark. This was called the "smell of electricity," and so remained until Schönbein proved it to be due to a special gas, which he named ozone. In his view—which has been accepted by scientists—this is an oxide of oxygen. In the prevailing theory of science the oxygen molecule is made up of two atoms, held together by the firm bond of chemical attraction. In ozone another atom is added, the ozone molecule containing three oxygen atoms. This substance, while rare in the atmosphere, is of great utility from its active powers of oxidation. The third atom is given off readily by the molecule, and, eager to satisfy its appetite for new combinations, makes a fierce assault on decaying organic substances, destroying a host of unwholesomeness and aiding greatly to purify the air.

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There is a fifth substance always present in the atmosphere, and one by no means of late discovery, since man has known it since he has known himself. This is water-gas, or water-vapor, the source of the rains, snows, and hails which have descended for long ages upon his devoted head. But this was regarded rather as an intruder in the air than a fixed part of it; it seemed a fugitive substance, constantly coming and going, and was thus left out of the category of aerial substances. This is hardly a just conclusion. Much as the atmospheric vapor varies in quantity, there is a point below which it does not fall, and up to this limit water-gas may be looked upon as a stable constituent of the atmosphere. It is only the excess quantity that comes and goes, returning after long absence to the ocean, whence it came.

In fact, none of the elements of the air is absolutely constant in quantity. Ozone and carbonic acid are being constantly consumed by the organic world and constantly replenished. They are thus both subject to variation. Oxygen is drawn from the air by every fire and

by every breath of man and the lower animals. It is as constantly returned by the vital action of growing plants. Nitrogen, while practically constant, is not fully so, for the bacteria of the soil are steadily engaged in converting it into plant food. It makes its way back again through the death and decomposition of animals and plants.

Such was the state of our knowledge concerning the constituents of the atmosphere until 1894, since which date science has been busy in adding to its contents. No less than five new elements have been discovered, and probably the end is not yet,—others may lie hidden in its viewless mass. In the discovery of these elements two new and important methods of research have been used, spectrum analysis and the study of liquid air and other liquid gases. It is scarcely necessary to state that, with the aid of great pressure and high refrigeration, science has of late years succeeded in liquefying all the once stubborn gases. Hydrogen, the most volatile and resistant of them all, has finally yielded to the compelling hand of experiment, and consented to become a liquid at a temperature of only  $20^{\circ}$  Centigrade above that of absolute zero. The air itself has fallen so completely within the grasp of research that it can now be liquefied by the gallon with great ease and at small expense, and carried about in this state almost as one might carry water. In fact, liquid air is even beginning to replace water as a source of power.

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The new departure in atmospheric analysis was inaugurated by Lord Rayleigh and Professor William Ramsay, who entered in 1894 upon a critical study of nitrogen, with important results. The initial step in discovery was taken when they found the nitrogen of the atmosphere to be somewhat heavier than the pure gas as set free from chemical combination, the difference in weight being about one-half of one per cent. They were not long in concluding that this difference must be due to the fact that the nitrogen of the air contained some other gas heavier than itself, and they put themselves diligently upon the track of this interesting stranger. They succeeded in isolating it by several methods too technical to describe here, and found to their intense gratification that they actually had in hand a new chemical element never before suspected.

The new gas proved to be considerably heavier than nitrogen, its atomic weight being probably 40. That is, its atom weighed forty times as much as that of hydrogen, the unit of weight in the chemical series. Like the other gases mentioned, it can be converted into a liquid, its temperature of liquefaction being about  $-186^{\circ}$  C. It freezes at  $-190^{\circ}$  C. Its most striking characteristic is its remarkable chemical inertness, which far surpasses that of nitrogen. In consequence of this passive character the discoverers named it argon, a word signifying



idle or inactive. They vainly sought to make it combine with other substances, though this was achieved later by Bertholet, who produced a compound of argon and benzine. It has since been made to combine with some other organic substances by the aid of the electric spark, that highly powerful aid to chemical action. It also seems, like so many substances, to combine with water, but on the whole its chemical inactivity well justifies its name. There is one other fact concerning argon worth mention. It brought its discoverers the greatest reward in money ever obtained for the discovery of a chemical element, they receiving from the Smithsonian Institution the ten-thousand-dollar Hodgkins prize for the most important discovery relating to the atmosphere.

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The next discovery in this process of investigation was of still higher interest, since it brought, as it were, an element down from the stars to the earth. In 1868 Professor Norman Lockyer, for the first time in the history of science, turned the slit of the spectroscope towards the sun during an eclipse. He was rewarded by an interesting spectacle. In the spectrum obtained there was a bright yellow line which no man had ever before seen. It was near the D line of sodium, though clearly distinct from it, and has since been known as D<sup>3</sup>. No such line had been observed in the spectrum of any terrestrial substance, and the natural conclusion was that it represented a new element not present in the earth. It was accordingly named helium, after the Greek title for the sun. The same line was afterwards seen in the spectra of several stars, and the great nebula of Orion yielded it to the telescope of Professor Copeland.

Thus the case stood until the year 1895, when the world of science was startled by the report that the stellar element helium had been found in the earth. In that year Professor Ramsay experimented with a rare mineral of Norway named cleveite. When warmed this gave off a gas which he examined by the aid of the spectroscope. To his surprise and delight, its spectrum showed the mysterious yellow line of helium. Here was a signal discovery. Helium would no longer be held as sacred to the sun and the fixed stars. It belonged to the earth and probably to all the other planets. The discovery set chemists on the qui vive. Cleveite is a uranium mineral. There are other minerals containing uranium which, like cleveite, had never before been investigated in this manner. It will suffice to say that the study of these proved highly satisfactory, since many of them were found to contain the new gas. It was also discovered in minerals which contain salts of thorium and yttrium, being plentiful in monazite, the mineral from which is obtained the thorium used in incandescent gas mantles. Later research has found it, in common with argon, in

the gases arising from the waters of certain sulphurous wells in the Pyrenees. There can be no doubt that it exists in the atmosphere, though in such very minute quantity that no trace of it has yet been found.

A chemical study of helium has shown it to possess certain interesting characteristics. It proves, for instance, to be the lightest element with the exception of hydrogen, its atom weight in the chemical series being 4, that of hydrogen being 1. Its index of refraction is remarkably low. In this particular the refractive power of air is taken as the unit. The refractive index of hydrogen is half that of air, and that of helium less than one-sixth. Another peculiarity is its behavior to water. While argon is readily soluble in this liquid, helium is the least so of all known gases.

The year 1898 was singularly prolific in the discovery of new elements, no less than three being added to the chemical series. These are known respectively as krypton, neon, and xenon. As yet little is known about them, and that little may be briefly told. Their discovery was due to Professor Ramsay and Dr. M. W. Travers, the first being found through a critical investigation of liquid air. A large quantity of this substance was allowed to evaporate, until only one seventy-fifth of it remained. This residuum was carefully examined and was found to yield a quantity of gas which proved to be different from air or any other substance. Its spectrum showed by feeble lines that some argon was present, but gave, besides, two very brilliant lines, one very near the yellow line of helium, the other an intense blue. It was evidently a new gas, and one which had hitherto kept itself so well concealed that the experimenters named it krypton, or "hidden." It appeared to have double the density of argon, its atom weight being about 82. In chemical behavior it showed the same inertness as argon and helium, refusing to be tempted into combination.

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In subsequent experiments liquid air was replaced by liquid argon, and with highly satisfactory results. When much reduced by evaporation, this substance gave off a gas whose spectrum proved to be new to science. It was rich in brilliant red, orange, and yellow lines, and totally different from the argon spectrum. Its atom weight is estimated as 20, while its refractive index is much less than that of argon or of air. As it was undoubtedly a new element, the discoverers named it, from its novelty, neon, or "new."

This gas was not the only result of their labors. A second substance was present which froze instead of volatilizing. The argon was found in its evaporation to deposit a considerable quantity of a white solid, part of which clung to the sides of the tube, part lay below the surface of the liquid. When evaporated and examined with

the spectroscope, it yielded a spectrum quite unlike that of argon, and closely resembling that of carbon monoxide. As its atom weight seemed like that of argon, it was named metaargon. It has since been decided, however, that this substance is a compound, not an element.

The final discovery by these experimenters was made in the last fractions remaining after the evaporation of liquid argon. These yielded a substance analogous to argon, but differing in its spectral lines, and the heaviest of all these new gases. It yielded a greenish-blue light when electrically excited, and was remarkable for a very complex spectrum, with several very brilliant lines in the blue. It was named xenon, or "the stranger." Its atomic weight proved to be 128, being more than three times that of argon.

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Such is the existing status of the investigation of the air. It proves to be much richer in chemical ingredients than was of old suspected. The proportion of these new elements to the volume of air, indeed, is very small, being less than one part to one hundred of air. Argon, the most abundant, yields 0.937 parts to the hundred; neon, one or two parts to the hundred thousand; helium, one or two parts to the million; krypton, about one part to the million, and xenon, about one part to the hundred million. But, despite their rarity, they possess the scientific interest which must attach to all the chemical elements. They are alike in their chemical inertness, in which they much surpass all the older elements. They also all appear to be monatomic. That is, their molecule is composed of a single atom, not of two or more, as in most of the other elements. But in this they are not peculiar, since a number of the older elements are also monatomic.

The substances mentioned are the constant elements of the atmosphere. It possesses in addition various fugitive or accidental contents of which something needs to be said, since they belong practically to the new atmosphere, none of them having been recognized in the old. There are many such substances, the driftwood of the earth's surface and of the celestial spaces. They include such gases as ammonia and its salts, carburetted and sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic oxide, sulphurous, sulphuric, and nitric acids, and possibly others, all in very small and varying quantities. Solid substances are present to a much greater extent and are more widely distributed. Those of terrestrial origin are largely volcanic. The Krakatoa volcanic explosion of 1883, for instance, filled the atmosphere with very finely divided dust, which extended to many miles in height and spread around the whole earth. It was so persistent that years passed before all signs of its presence disappeared. Every dust-raising wind, every smoking fire, adds its quota to the sum, while there are numerous minute particles of organic

origin, odorous and other plant emanations, germs of the lower plants, and hosts of bacteria, among the latter, seemingly, those of influenza and malaria and probably of other infectious diseases.

To these substances of terrestrial origin must be added the particles of disintegrated meteors which have entered our atmosphere from outer space and been dissipated into dust by aërial friction. These impalpable particles descend very slowly to the earth, and are borne up again with every rising current of air, so that they may well remain afloat for years. The study of the new atmosphere has taught us that its varied forms of floating dust are indispensable to the well-being of mankind, since without them the fall of rain would cease. Dr. Aitken, a Scotch meteorologist, has demonstrated that the rain-drop always condenses around some solid particle, and will not form at all in dust-free air. Thus every drop of falling rain brings down with it one of these dust particles. Were they not present no rain could fall, and the air would be constantly saturated with moisture, which it could yield only through actual contact with the earth and its plants. Every rain-fall washes from the air a quantity of its floating particles, but the supply seems always sufficient for the demand, and their presence saves us from being forced to dwell in an ocean of ever-humid air.

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One thing more may be said about the new atmosphere. That of old was supposed to be not over sixty miles high. Its ratio of decrease of density seemed to prove this. The atmosphere is now believed to be fully five hundred miles high. This belief is based upon a study of the fall of meteorites. These free wanderers of space plunge into the upper air at so great a speed that their friction, even with the extremely rare gas at that high altitude, soon heats them to incandescence, and they flame into light. They have been observed to flash out in this way at a height of over one hundred miles. At this elevation the air must be so exceedingly rare as to render it certain that friction with several hundred miles of it would be needed to heat a meteor to the incandescent point. From this it is estimated that the upper limit of the atmosphere cannot be less than five hundred miles above the surface. It may be much more. The air may extend upward as far as the force of gravity is capable of overcoming its centrifugal force, which steadily increases with height. How high that is no one can tell.

There is one thing further to be said, if we may deal with hypothesis instead of fact. It is possible that at one time the air was essentially a unit, being composed of nitrogen alone—or at least that it was destitute of oxygen. Such is the view advanced by Dr. T. L. Phipson, who believes that all the oxygen of the earth was once in a state of combination from which it has been gradually set free by the action

of plants. Lord Kelvin argues in favor of the same view. If this were the case, the air at that time must have been dense with carbonic acid gas, which was gradually decomposed by plant action, its carbon being slowly stored up in the form of coal and other forms of carbon, its oxygen set free into the air. Only when free oxygen became plentiful could animal life begin. At present the process is being in some measure reversed. Man is burning the great supplies of carbon stored up as coal, extracting oxygen from the air in doing so, and adding to its supply of carbonic acid. But so far no serious result has followed, nor does the danger of depriving the atmosphere of its oxygen seem in any sense imminent.

It is very possible that still another element than those enumerated may exist in the upper air, and may descend in its elementary state sparsely to the earth. This is the very volatile hydrogen, which, as we know, is usually combined with oxygen in the form of water. In fact, it is now believed that molecules of the atmospheric gases are constantly escaping into outer space, which in turn may yield new matter to the atmosphere. The aerial molecules are known to be in incessant activity, coming into collision with each other and darting off again, now with loss, now with gain, of speed. If any of them gain speed enough to enable them to overcome the pull of gravity they will dart off into open space. This, on the contrary, may yield molecules which have lost speed and been caught by the earth's attraction. Thus it is quite possible that the air is not a stable mass, but that a constant interchange is going on between it and the contents of outer space, yielding variations which may influence it in ways of which we are now quite ignorant.



## NOW I LAY ME

BY GERTRUDE E. HEATH

**N**OW I lay me down to sleep:  
(Closer, Death, to thee I creep!)  
So I prayed in days gone by,  
So I pray as Night draws nigh.  
Now I lay me down to sleep:  
God His little child will keep.

Now I lay me,—God has kept  
Watch above me while I slept.  
Earth has been a goodlier place  
For the shining of His face.  
Should I die before I wake,  
God His little child will take!



# A DIPLOMAT FROM CHICAGO

*By Caroline Lockhart*

(SUZETTE)



SOMETHING was wrong with Lily; she was not happy, and it crept out in the sorrowful tone of her letters. So mother came on from Chicago to see about it. When mother started out to "see" about anything, something was bound to happen.

Mother was a majestic lady, with a high white pompadour and impressive embonpoint. She had great executive ability and prided herself upon her will power. Lily was the apple of her eye, and if Lily was unhappy, she meant to know the reason why,—and promptly too.

Whipple, who was small and nervous, to his own great disgust, always found himself cowed by the cold, penetrating eyes and bland voice of his mother-in-law. Therefore he was not crazed with joy when the telegram announcing her coming reached him; but he met her at the station and kissed her on the cheek that she offered him with all the warmth he could muster.

Mother, after laying aside her wraps and without stopping to unpack her capacious trunk, made a tour of the house from garret to cellar.

She was not long in arriving at a conclusion. Whipple was growing stingy,—in fact, he was stingy. The sheets were patched, the stockings were darned oftener than should be, Lily needed new clothes, and there was nothing in her purse but small change. For these and other reasons she was convinced that her surmise was correct.

She confronted Lily with the evidence she had secured, but Lily, like a dutiful wife, insisted that "poor, dear Gaspard" had a struggle to get along.

"On five thousand dollars a year," replied mother, with a haughty sniff.

Mother probed like a Congressional Investigating Committee, and under cross-examination Lily finally broke down and confessed that Gaspard's generosity had been chiefly confined to the days of their engagement, and that his natural parsimony increased rather than diminished with his prosperity.

"He doesn't know that he is mean," wept Lily; "he thinks he is generous, and I always try to keep up appearances, so he does not realize what a little he gives me."

"He will realize it before I'm through with him," said mother grimly.

"Oh! don't say anything to him, please don't," pleaded Lily.

"Do not worry, my love. Your mother never committed a faux pas of that sort."

The telephone-bell rang, and Whipple at the other end announced that Sterling would dine with them that evening. Sterling was the junior member of the rich firm that employed Gaspard.

"Get up a good dinner and have things look nice," said Whipple as he rang off.

"Now, my love," said mother, "just let me take this right off your hands. You are worn out, so put on your things and go out somewhere. I'll arrange with Mary about the dinner, and dress the children myself. Don't let it trouble you in the least. You can trust your own mother, can't you, dear?"

So Lily with a sigh of relief obeyed. She went to a matinee with money furnished by mother, and enjoyed herself for the first time in months.

"Now, Mary," said mother, bustling about, after Lily had gone, "we will have fresh green-turtle soup, Penobscot River salmon, diamond-back terrapin, and a few hot-house luxuries. But there! I'll make out a list, and you can go to the market where Mrs. Whipple has her account and get these things for dinner.

Mary's eyes were staring. "She don't have no 'count, mum. Mr. Whipple don't like fer her to run up bills, so she pays fer things."

"Ah," said mother with a significance that meant trouble for Whipple, "no money and no account. What is in the house, Mary?"

"There's a soup-bone with some meat on it and some pertaters and some turnips and some onions," replied Mary, tabulating them off on her fingers.

"So much as that?" asked mother sarcastically.

"Yes, mum, we're pretty well stocked up now," replied Mary innocently.

Lily arrived only a few minutes before Gaspard and Sterling. The fleeting glimpse she caught of the dining-room table was most satisfactory. All the wedding silver was displayed to the greatest advantage, and the ferns made a pretty centre-piece. Mother, in her black satin and point lace, was a credit to any daughter. The children were up in the nursery, "quite dressed and ready," said mother.

Whipple looked forward to showing off his house and family to Sterling, who was unmarried.

"Nothing like it," he was often heard to remark. "A man can live so much better and have so many more comfort in a home of his own than when knocking around in hotels by himself," and he invariably added, "It doesn't cost so much."

Whipple, like many others, desired to make a good appearance and enjoy every comfort, while begrudging the money it took to pay for it.

The comforts that he talked of were due to Lily's ingenuity, thrift, and self-sacrifice, and not to his liberality, as he so fondly imagined.

The children, when they heard their father's voice, came rushing down the stairs into the drawing-room. Whipple's look of pride changed to one of horror when he saw them, and Lily gave a gasp of dismay. Even the mask-like face of the worldly Sterling showed astonishment as they appeared.

The children looked like two storks; their dresses did not reach within several inches of their knees, the tight sleeves scarcely came to their elbows, and every movement threatened a shower of buttons.

Lily's look of reproach was wasted on mother, who was smiling blandly. The tinkle of the dinner-bell was a welcome sound, and Whipple seized the opportunity to whisper to the children that if they dared to show their noses again that night, he would give them the spanking of their lives.

"The children are growing so fast," said poor Lily, trying to make conversation and hide her confusion as they went into the dining-room.

"Shoot up like weeds," added Whipple, who overheard.

"Their legs must be the only thing about 'em that shoot up," thought Sterling, still pondering over the extraordinary appearance of Whipple's offspring. "Now, Whipple hasn't long legs, and Mrs. Whipple——"

"Sit here, Mr. Sterling," said Lily, interrupting his interesting train of thought.

As Sterling seated himself he felt the chair sway under him. Something was evidently wrong with its underpinning. By slyly experimenting, he discovered that the chair was liable to collapse with any sudden movement, so he sat stiff and erect, scarcely daring to reach for his napkin.

The napkin had a hole in it, through which he put his hand and regarded it contemplatively. Whipple had one in as bad condition, if not worse; so had mother and Lily. They quickly dropped them from sight and began to talk with embarrassed haste, all except mother; she was as serene as a day in June.

Mary brought on the soup. Whipple passed the crackers, and discovered that the cracker-jar concealed a large patch on the table-cloth.

The cut-glass carafe stood over a hole, and Whipple dared not move the butter-dish for fear of what he might expose.

Mary removed the soup-plates and brought in the covered vegetable-dishes.

"I tell you, Sterling, nothing like home cooking," said Whipple in his boastful voice, pleasantly anticipating the piece de resistance for which Mary had gone to the kitchen.

The corners of mother's mouth twitched, and Sterling remarked politely that "he supposed not."

Mary came in bearing a platter upon which rolled, like so many marbles, six hard balls of chopped meat, the soup-meat in disguise.

"What's this we have?" inquired Whipple blankly.

"Meat-balls," replied mother in her sweetest and suavest tones.

Sterling pinched himself under the table to keep back the fiendish desire he had to yell when Whipple, after pursuing one of the little hard balls around and around the platter with a spoon, finally captured it on the side and tried to mash it. It flew from under the spoon like quicksilver, and another exciting chase ensued before he finally got it on Sterling's plate.

In the covered dishes were boiled turnips, onions, and potatoes.

The conversation during the meal was forced, except by mother. It was hard to be gay on turnips, but mother bubbled over with good humor, and Whipple's silent prayer was that the meat-ball would choke her to death.

Every time Sterling thought of the "comforts of home" he had a fit of coughing that made his chair sway to and fro till the chills crept up and down his spine.

"Pass the coffee, Mary," said Lily, with a sigh of relief that the end was in sight. A hectic flush had risen on Whipple's cheek-bones. As he raised the after-dinner cup to his lips, looking fearfully about, as if wondering if there was anything more that could happen, the cup dropped off the handle. Lily gave a cry, and Whipple executed a war-dance as the scalding coffee burned him. Sterling started violently as he heard the crash. His chair collapsed and he fell in a heap, striking his head against the sideboard with a force that made him see stars.

Mother rushed around to see if he had "hurt his spine," while Lily wiped coffee from the wrathful Whipple's waistcoat.

"Why, that must have been the cup that I noticed had the handle glued on," said mother innocently, and Whipple glared at her with dark suspicion.

That night, while Sterling was wending his way to his hotel, pondering upon the "whichness of the whatness" of some people, and of Whipple in particular, that person was searching his pockets for greenbacks, which he turned over to Lily with an air of righteous indignation and the emphatic remark that if she didn't open an account with the butcher and baker and buy some new table-linen, dishes, and chairs, and whatever she needed, they'd shut up the whole "shooting-match" and board.

Lily, who was a wise woman, said nothing, but slipped upstairs later and hugged her mother.

# AT THE TRADER'S STATION IN SAMOA

*By Llewella Pierce Churchill*



IT is dawn at Aleipata. Out over the straits the eastward sky is charged with that brief brilliance of crimson and gold which is all the twilight ever seen in Samoa. Evanescent, impermanent as it is, a minute's flickering radiance just before the brutal glare of the torrid sun, the Samoans have been struck by its beauties and have named it "the glory of day." Later, when the sun passes the summit of the sky, the strait will disclose the blue and distant mass of Tutuila; now it is empty stretch of sea. Near at hand, two miles out or so, the whole Pacific Ocean is assailing the coral reef and breaking into opal banks of foam. Between reef and beach the tide, young flood, is manœuvring strings and masses of orange-tawny suds, the débris and the waste of coral polyps which die with every low-tide exposure to the air. Not a breath of wind stirs the daybreak calm; the feathers of the cocoanuts stand erect and stiff; not a draught moves aside the banks of night-time mist which outline the course of the stream back from its historic mouth at Mutiatele and up into the mountains behind.



Cocks are crowing and life begins to stir. In every Samoan house—and they are all open to the sight—the cloth-wrapped bundles on the floor-mats stretch and yawn and become men and women. They feel the cold,—torrid skins are chilled at seventy-five degrees,—and they draw a thickness of their lavalava waist-cloths up about their necks when they look out upon the prospects of the weather, which rarely changes from month to month. Then from some cubby-hole where he has been able to stop out all fresh air, the trader's black-boy, cook and general servant, emerges to take up his daily cares, a willing drudge for his term of what is really slavery, but at heart as much the cannibal as ever he was in the Solomon Islands before he was caught by the labor trader. He drums with a stick on the galvanized iron side of the trader's bedroom, drumming in conscientious performance of his first morning duty, sitting cross-legged on the ground and thwacking club on resounding iron until the trader proves that he is up by coming to the door in his pyjamas.



"Soon bimeby sun he jump up," says blackie in his beach-la-mar dialect. "Bimeby soon kaikai blonga you he come."

It's not much of a language, this jargon, mostly English in distorted form, with now and then an island word equally twisted, but when a man has picked up a smattering of ungrammatical Samoan he is apt to think he has language enough without acquiring any black-boy lingo. Hence arises the jargon which all black-boys have to learn. Blackie has just told the trader after his own fashion: "The sun has just risen; your food will soon be ready."

Yawning, as do the Samoans, the trader takes his blanket towel and makes his way to the pool for the bath with which he begins the day, and then comes breakfast. But, oh, the monotony of the life, the dull sameness of it all: for every meal tea; for every meal hard tack; for every meal the choice whether to open a tin of corned beef or a tin of salmon. These poor fellows do not go crazy over the monotony of the life, wretched pickets of commerce facing unmitigated savagery. The Pacific is full of them, disillusioned adventurers, apathetic, forced into content with tea, tobacco in plugs, and tinned foods. To every man a world bounded by heaps of copra, filled with the pungent odor of that product of the cocoanut, no higher activity of the mind than the rude customs of barter. Why they do not go mad is because long before they have reached the trader's station in life they have lost all the material on which madness works.

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First the Pacific Ocean, next the reef, next the lagoon, then the white and glistening sands, then the narrow track in the grass made by the passing and repassing of generations of barefoot savages. Then the station, a little group of buildings of the severe and torrid galvanized order of architecture: three buildings here, for this is really a thriving station right on the eastern tip of Upolu; and not really lonely, for once a month one stands a chance of seeing the smoke of the mail steamer going through the straits on its way between San Francisco and Sydney, and that frill of smoke is the great world.

One structure with a door and a padlock,—many sheets of galvanized iron go to make it,—its dimensions unbroken by window or aperture, plainly not built for habitation, exuding the oily aromatic smell of copra. Nobody likes the scent of dried cocoanut meat at first, at second, at third; at last the system can be brought to tolerate it; even then prefers to keep to windward of it, whether it emanates from a copra shed or from the sleek skin of village maid or dandy new oiled for a dance. Over the door in letters large and commanding the business legend, "Fa'atau Popo," which conveys to the mind through the eye the information already transmitted by alert nostrils, "Copra bought."

Close by is another building of the same galvanized-iron severity of structure, but it has doors and windows and the general residential appearance. In front two doors, both open to the morning air. On one side the tiny shop, a wee show-case on the counter at which as many as six shoppers can stand at once; shelves to the ceiling, crowded with tins in one section, with cloth in another; from hooks above hang parasols with screaming colors, long knives with a nasty hook at the end, sometimes used in chopping the way through the jungle, sometimes used in war to gaff the neck of the enemy and to chop off his head as spoil of combat. On the other side is the living-room of the trader, his place in which to eat; behind all this a bedroom;—truly this trader lives in luxury as compared with other stations, where the trader is content to sleep under the counter and feed himself from his can of corned beef wherever it may be most convenient. Over the front of the store the legend "Pilakiloka—'Oloa Taugofie," the terse announcement to the Samoan shopper of "cheap goods,"—in fact, bargains for the savage. Yet another building as a token of the luxury which follows business prosperity,—a cook-house in which blackie shuts himself tight every night to keep out the malignant devils of his simple creed and the fresh air, which he fears as much.

Two youngsters in dirty lavalavas come and sit on the veranda, waiting until the trader finishes his breakfast. They keep up a constant chatter, as children do the world around; they explain to one another out of their ignorance what the white man does with all the strange gear about his room. Time is no object to them; not for any Samoan does time exist. They could be content thus waiting for hours. When the trader has finished his corned beef or his salmon, when he has chopped the navy plug on the corner of the table and has broken it fine for his pipe by grinding it in his left palm with the ball of his right thumb, when his pipe is alight, he is willing to traffic with his small customers. Take this as a sample of native speech and native custom.

"What is it, then, that you two want," he asks in the native speech, "that you sit on my portico beginning at sunrise and ending at all day?"

"O Apa, it is thus, and we two will declare the truth to Thy Highness."

"Use not the high-sounding words of the talk of chiefs; call me not Excellency nor yet Highness, for by that I know you two are come to beg. That thing do you two tell what you want, and quickly."

"O Apa, smooth out the wrinkles from thy heart, but listen. In the insignificant hut of the family of us two there is tobacco, and we two have plucked the dry leaves of the banana. But there is not fire. That thing have we two come to ask of Thy Excellency, afford to us

two the fire-scratcher, just one box, for great is the poverty of the family of us two."

"O Pig-faced, it is the lie, and you two come to beg, it is true. It is right that you two buy fire-scratchers; I do not give away the articles of wealth, lest I too become poor while you two have all things."

"Thou knowest, O Apa, the great poverty of all this Samoa, and that we two are poor people and of no account. We have not wherewith to buy. But because great is the love of us two to Thy Excellency we two give to thee the loving gift of the fruit of the hen, one."

"Not so is it true, Dirt and Pigs. If you two love me, you give me fruit of the hen, two. Give them now to me and my black-boy thing shall look through them at the sun, and he shall spin them on this floor, and he shall float them in water lest they be bad."

"O Apa, thou art wise to drive a hard bargain and Samoans are foolish. Here then are these two fruits of the hen; now give to us two the box of fire-scratchers."

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Every Samoan, small or great, will beg. The villager of the hamlet in which the white man's house is placed turns up at sunset with a gin bottle and asks kerosene for his evening lamp. The King attempts to get money out of the foreign officials of his kingdom. It is indeed a custom of the Polynesians, always giving up their treasure to him who begs and immediately replacing it by begging in turn. The Samoan is quite sharp enough to try to extend the custom to the white man, all the more because it is not white-man custom to beg those things which the Samoan has, a profitable transaction and a one-sided.

But here comes real business, goods to be sold out of the shop. Here is a party of four men stalking gravely up the path in single file, the man in the rear carrying a pole, proof that he comes prepared to carry things away home with him.

"My petty love to thee, Apa."

"To you love."

"We have come this morning because the young men of Lepa have sent word that this day they will come hither and show that they are superior to us in the game of throwing the sticks. We shall beat them, but we shall also give them to eat. That they may not shame us before all Samoa we shall feed them with salt meat and with biscuit, that they may not start the story that in Aleipata, both in the lower houses and in the houses above, we have none of the white man's food for our guests."

"It is truth that you speak," replied the trader, "and I will help you to prevent the lying tales of the young men of Lepa."

"That we knew, else had we not come to thee, but should have gone to Tuifao, the smiter of nails (blacksmith), who has also goods to

sell. We will buy of thee all that the chiefs and the young men of our town have decided to buy for the entertaining of the young men of Lepa while we teach them our mastery of throwing the sticks. Of kegs of salt beef we will buy two paelo pulumakau, of tins of biscuit two apamasi. Then we will buy other things, lavalavas and knives and scent for the girls; all those things thou and I will now choose, and these men will make new baskets of cocoanut leaves in which to carry them, for it is true that the boat will soon be here from Lepa."

As the customer selected the goods from whatever assortment the store afforded, the trader set them aside on a shelf, not on the counter, for the reason that while no Samoan will steal,—at least he says not,—he is quite capable of imagining generous gifts to himself from the trader who is incautious enough to leave unguarded goods within reach. With each new selection the total of the bill was announced until it reached twenty dollars, which appeared to be the limit of the appropriation. Even if goods are blazoned on the outer wall as cheap, there is profit enough in a transaction of this size to make memorable at any station the day on which it was made.

"My young men will now take these goods," the customer said, "and out of what we win from the boastful young men of Lepa we will pay the twenty moneys."

"Not so is the custom of this trade. You will win the money of the young men of Lepa, you will pay me the twenty moneys, then you may take the goods."

"Give us now the goods, O Apa, that we may not be put to shame in the faces of Lepa. We will surely win the twenty moneys for thee at the game of the sticks. Or if we fail, we will cut copra for thee in good measure until thou forgivest our debt."

The pile of goods was so near, stretching over the counter he might easily have touched them, but the gap which divided him from them was as wide as the whole practice of Samoan trade. No trader yet ever gave credit to any Samoan and kept his trade; only rarely and with great difficulty is a collection made in such a case. The old hands in the trade watch the new-comers; they know what is the meaning of that rush of the Samoans to the newly-opened stores; they do not need to ask to know that credit is being extended. But the new man does not get the copra; his goods go all one way over the counter, nothing comes in, and he goes broke or learns the wisdom of the beach.

Meanwhile there is small business going on; the trader cannot sit forever tilted back on his veranda watching the empty straits. A fisherman beaches his canoe and offers a fish—a mullet, most likely—on the broad blade of his paddle; for the agreeable change of diet some trifling gift is ample payment and satisfactory. Seeing this success, every fisher in the fleet stands about the veranda and pokes out into view his

paddle and fish; they seem to think the trader's capacity for fresh fish to be that of an aquarium. Some little cash dribbled into the till as now one and then another bought salmon or the round tins of corned beef which the Samoans call *pisupo*. Sixpence is the lowest unit of value. If any article is too cheap to stand the price of sixpence (and there are very few such at these trading stations), the Samoan must buy a quantity or else take matches for change. The islanders have the knack of making fire seemingly without exertion by rubbing two sticks together, but they are keen after matches, although the Swedish safety matches made in Japan which pass current in the Pacific Ocean are probably the most incombustible matches made, certain not to light off the box and extremely uncertain to light on it. All this petty trade spread itself lazily along throughout the morning. Sometimes the payment was in small silver coin, each piece snugged away in its own knot in a strip of cloth. Sometimes again it was necessary to weigh the basket of copra proffered in payment, and to dispute that it had been fairly dried for three days in the sun, and to be careful not to count in the weighing the big stone which will get in the middle of so many of the baskets of copra in which these innocent children of nature deal.

•

That there was other and larger business to do—wholesale trade, in fact—was shown by the activity of the surrounding Samoan village. As the tide was coming in, and the lagoon filled to the depth where larger craft than the fishing canoes could navigate, the great boat of the town was put in commission. From the shelter of its shed it was dragged down a causeway of cocoanut-leaf stems, and rode at anchor before the village green. All the morning the yellow and brown slices of cocoanut-meat spread on mats in the bright sunlight had been taking on a deeper hue and receiving the last baking which should convert them into copra. Now the children were throwing down leaves from the cocoanuts, up which trees they went like so many overgrown frogs. Each leaf as it fell was cut down through the stem and deftly plaited into baskets, and the copra was dumped into them and carried aboard the big boat. These Samoan village boats are great craft, rowed by anywhere from twenty to forty oars, sailed by three, four, five large sails. They are large enough to carry a whole village on its periodic trips of pleasure; the cargo capacity is measured in tons. There is money in such a boat for the trader who can get the contract to supply the materials, for villages have been known to mortgage their copra for years ahead in order to rival some other village with a big boat. And as to churches, the same rivalry holds, for each village now must have its stone church with a galvanized-iron roof. That this village was now interested in church building was to be seen on the green, where rose



the finished masonry of a large church which needed but its corrugated roofing to be complete.

The trader knew that no one had yet made the contract to supply that roofing. He knew that the factor in Apia for whom he was trading would take him to task if some other factor made the profit on those hundreds of sheets of iron. He knew that the boat was loading for a trip to distant Apia, where there was no telling who would get the contract. Yet by reason of his being a wise trader and skilled with the Samoans he tilted his chair comfortably back on his veranda, smoked the thoughtful pipe, and awaited the event. He knew that Samoan boats have never really set out on a journey until they have passed out of sight; this trip, after all, might not be made.

There came to him in dignified procession the chief of the village with his two talking-men, carrying the staves and the fly-flappers of their office. With him came a greater than he, although no chief in rank, Tafua, the talking-man of Mutiatele, the largest man in all Samoa and one of the wisest and the best of the friends of the white men. That they had come to deliberate grave matters was shown by the kava which they presented, and which the trader took as a hint to order the preparation of a bowl of the national beverage, without which it is next to impossible to conduct any negotiations.

"We sail to-day to Apia, O Apa," the chief began. "We carry now two tons of copra, and we will get the iron for our church roof."

"Lying stories," replied the trader. "You have loaded less than one ton of copra, and you would not be able to sell all of that in Apia, for it will be spoiled by sea-water when you round the Point of the Jettison of Biscuit. And you are not going to Apia, for you are rebels, and you are afraid to come so close to the King and to the soldiers. You come to me with foolish tales, as though I were a child. Go tell them to a child. Let Tafua talk sense, for he is not foolish to tell childish tales."

"True, O Apa," said Tafua. "Thou knowest the way of Samoans and their customs. We should spoil our copra in the breaking waves as we rounded the point of Lafonga Masi, and if we went into the anchorage of Apia we should be killed and our heads chopped off unless the Three Consuls should forbid the King and the soldiers. But I know the custom of the Papalangi, how the white men in buying and in selling do much with few words. We must buy iron for the church roof and we have no money. But we have copra, and we can cut more, and we can pay you."

◆

One cannot follow out the ramifications of this wholesale transaction. It covered many days, during which the big boat lay at anchor in the empty threat that the town would go to Apia and make its own

bargain with the factors. Here are the elements: What figure is to be quoted on galvanized corrugated iron by the box laid down in Aleipata with all needed rivets and washers? At what price will good sun-dried copra be taken in payment delivered at the trader's shed? In this outer world time is worth more than it is in Aleipata. An accountant could fix in two minutes details over which the trader and his villagers were many days in coming together. The result was good for the trader: he netted a snug profit for his factor, a holiday for himself to come to Apia, where people wear a more substantial garb than pyjamas, where there are steamers and square-face and butcher's meat every other day, and the like choice flowers of civilization.

But by and by every village will have built its church and its big boat, and then the wholesale trade will be done with unless the traders in their stations can invent some new and expensive amusement for Samoans to spend money on in rivalry of their neighbors. If the traders do not come to their own rescue they have no future but to carry on wearisome petty exchanges of baskets of copra for small wares, and to swap matches for eggs, which the Samoans call, not as idle jest, but in literal translation of the native word, hen-fruit.



## A ROSE-JAR

BY CLARENCE URMY

**S** MALL and odd and quaintly wrought,  
Moulded by a hand that caught  
Inspiration in a dream,  
And the scents that round it teem  
Are not found in any flowers  
Growing in Earth's garden bowers;  
When the queerly-fashioned lid  
By a secret spring is slid,  
Lo, a redolence divine,  
Incense from a holy shrine!

Odors that so fondly cling  
Round Youth's dear and happy Spring;  
Blossoms from the Vales of Chance,  
Buds of Time and Circumstance;  
Petals plucked from Joy's high bough,  
Snow-white leaves from Sorrow's brow;  
Dewy fragrances that stray  
From the fields of Yesterday,  
And the faint perfumes that blow  
Down the lanes of Long Ago.

Wafted by sweet-scented gales,  
Oft at eve my spirit sails  
Twilightward—her strong prow set  
Straight past Isles of Care and Fret,  
Cruising towards a happy clime  
Bright with dew of song and rhyme,  
Hallowed with the smiles and tears  
Of the unforgotten years,  
Where beneath the Dreamland tree  
Tryst I keep with Memory.

# THE HARVEST OF KNOWLEDGE

*By Ina Brevoort Roberts*

*Author of "The Lifting of a Finger," "Her Day of Freedom"*



## I

ARMITAGE was making his way through Mrs. Holden's crowded ball-room when just inside a door leading to the hall he felt the touch of a hand upon his arm and turned to find himself facing a girl in white, with no color about her except the opals that glowed in her hair and at her shapely throat.

"I beg your pardon," the girl said gently, "but I have been watching you and have noticed that you seem to know no one. I think you must be the Mr. Maxwell from the West Mrs. Holden told me she expected. I suppose she is too busy to see that you are properly taken care of, but I am a friend of hers and often help her with her entertaining, so if you will allow me I shall be glad to present you to some pleasant people."

Armitage smiled. "Thank you very much," he said, "but I am just leaving."

The girl's forehead contracted in a little frown of astonishment. "I don't believe you've danced at all," she said.

"No," replied Armitage, "I have not danced at all."

A rush of merriment lighted up her face. "I thought that was what people went to balls for—to dance?" she said.

"I did not come here to dance, at any rate," the young man returned, his eyes reflecting the mirth in hers, "but I thank you none the less for your kindly thought. I did not know that people at dances ever considered the pleasure of others,—excepting hostesses, of course."

The young woman in white regarded him quizzically. "I am afraid you mean that for a slap at Mrs. Holden for neglecting you," she said. "Now, I haven't a doubt that she is at this moment thinking of you, but she is probably surrounded by a dozen people. You have no idea how many the duties of a hostess are."

Armitage smiled. "I think the present occasion is the first time I ever heard one woman defend another," he said.

"Oh, for shame!" cried his companion. She smiled as she spoke,

but her eyes were reproving. "I cannot submit to hearing my sex defamed in that sweeping fashion," she continued, "so if you are sure I can do nothing for you I'll go away."

"You can do something for me, if you will," Armitage said quickly, obeying an impulse; "you can give me this dance."

The girl looked surprised and a little troubled at his request. "You forget that we are strangers," she said. "I suppose I ought not even to be talking to you now, but I knew Marian—Mrs. Holden, I mean—would feel badly if you weren't looked after, and so——"

"It was most kind of you to offer to put me in the way of securing partners," Armitage interrupted, speaking warmly. "I am at fault for taking advantage of your goodness."

His companion looked at him a moment and then broke into a laugh. "I believe I have been making 'much ado about nothing,'" she said. "I will give you the rest of this waltz with pleasure, and afterwards we'll find Mrs. Holden and get her to present you to me. At least I know who you are."

"I wonder in which direction we had better look for Marian," the girl said as she took the arm Armitage offered her when the music stopped.

Armitage did not at once reply.

"Can't we go out of this crowd a moment?" he said finally. "I have something to say to you before you take me to Mrs. Holden."

The girl led the way to a music-room opening from the hall. Her face was grave as she sat down before the grand piano. She motioned Armitage to take a chair, but he remained standing.

"I'm not Maxwell," he began abruptly; "I'm a reporter sent here to write up this affair for the *Dial*."

His listener received this news in a manner somewhat different from what he had anticipated. "You are a reporter!" she cried, her face aglow with interest; "then perhaps you can tell me how to become one."

"You! A reporter!"

"Yes," said the girl.

"Give up the idea." Armitage spoke sharply.

"You think I would find the work too hard?"

"No," Armitage answered, "it isn't that. You are the plucky sort, one can see at a glance. But you'd have to lose too much."

"Is it possible to realize an ambition without sacrifices?" retorted the girl gently. "You have, no doubt, given up much for the sake of your work."

"You would have to give up a great deal more than I did," Armitage replied.

"Why? And more of what?"

"Because you have more to lose than I ever had. More of what? Faith in human nature and ideals."

"Nothing could make me lose my faith in human nature," said the girl; "and if my ideals are illusions, isn't it better for me to find it out?"

"No," replied Armitage roughly. "Life," he went on, "is like a pretty play. A girl like you, looking at it, sees only the picturesque setting, the dainty bits of sentiment, the delicate blending of comedy and pathos: the man or woman who has rubbed elbows with the world detects under these things the paint and unreality, the petty jealousies, the struggles for supremacy, and a hundred other details not visible to you?"

"Don't you think the trouble may be with 'the eye that sees'?" asked the girl quietly.

"That is just the point I wish to make," replied Armitage. "The trouble is with 'the eye that sees,' and that is why I warn you not to shake the dust from your eyes by becoming a reporter. The worst of it is, you see, that the play is only a pretence, while the paint and jealousy are real."

His listener smiled, unconvinced. "I don't want dust in my eyes," she said. "Are the things that are real never pretty to see?"

Armitage shook his head. "Not often," he said, "except on the surface. Must you work?" he added.

"No, and yes," she answered. "Money I don't need; work I do. I am tired of toy interests and an unceasing round of social duties that are misnamed pleasures. It is all so unsatisfying and, in spite of a gorgeous setting, so sordid."

"And you want to—jump from the frying-pan into the fire," said the young man earnestly: "to leave the sphere of life for which your training has fitted you and enter another where duties do not even masquerade as pleasures and where there is no gorgeous setting to hide the sordidness. Be guided by me and don't do it; don't enter a school that will teach you to believe only what you see and to reverence nothing, a school that will graduate you at best an unhappy woman."

For a moment Armitage's companion looked grave; then she smiled. "You may be right," she said, "but you have not convinced me."

"I hope your ambition will never be realized," Armitage replied.

"You realized yours."

"Yes, and to meet a woman like you shows me that I have lost more than I have gained. Before I became a reporter I would not have repaid your kindness by deceiving you as I did to-night."

His companion rose without replying.



"I ought to thank you for not telling me what you think of me," the man said, "but somehow your silence seems a more severe condemnation than you could put into words."

The girl smiled. "Since you have tried to atone by confession, I cannot wholly condemn you," she said.

"That I confessed was chance," Armitage replied moodily.

She laughed as she moved towards the door. "I scarcely think you are as black as you paint yourself," she said kindly. "I must go back to the ball-room."

"And I must get to the office with my 'copy,' but first I want to thank you for that waltz and to ask you once more to give up the idea of becoming a newspaper woman. I don't suppose I shall ever see you again. I'm only here to-night because the man who had this assignment was taken ill; my specialty is East-Side murders and robberies. But I shall remember you always, and I want to think of you as high above me in your safe little corner of the world, happy and making others happy. And reporters don't make people happy, I assure you. There, I dare say I am talking a great deal of nonsense, but my advice, believe me, is sound and sensible."

The pause that followed was broken by the girl. "I will not promise to take the advice, but I will remember what you have said. Good-by."

Armitage took the hand she offered him. "Good-by," he murmured. A moment later he closed the door behind her.

As he roused himself and turned to leave the room he caught sight of something white on the floor. This he picked up and put carefully in his card-case, after which he went swiftly out of the room and the house.

## II.

"CAN'T you give me some points about my staff?" asked the new city editor of the man whose place he was to take.

"Certainly," replied Blake, who was leaving because his health had broken down. "They're about the average crowd to be found in any newspaper office, I imagine," Blake concluded after he had touched upon the faults and virtues of most of the reporters.

"Are there any women?" inquired Armitage.

"Yes, three. Miss West does the society items, Miss Page writes up the women's clubs, and Miss Amory does sketches—the 'pictures seen in the Park' and 'romance thriving in the midst of poverty' kind, you know. She is especially good at that sort of thing. The only fault I can find with her work is that it is apt to be morbid. She sees things through blue glasses, or else her sense of humor needs to be developed."

The door opened and a woman came in and laid a pile of copy on

Blake's desk. She did not look towards Armitage. "That was Miss Amory," Blake said after she had gone out.

"I guessed as much," returned Armitage, trying to speak calmly.

So she had become a reporter, after all! Would she recognize him when they met, he wondered; then told himself that, of course, she had forgotten the incident of their meeting. Besides, he had changed much in five years. He roused himself to find that Blake had gone and he was alone. Presently Miss Amory came back and looked about for Blake.

"Mr. Blake is not here," Armitage said. "Can I do anything for you? I am the new city editor."

Miss Amory hesitated a moment before replying. "I came to ask Mr. Blake whether he wants that story on 'Child Life on the East Side' to run a whole column or only half," she said finally.

"About half, or, at most, three-quarters," Armitage answered. "No, she does not remember me," he was thinking. "So Blake has set her to writing up child life on the East Side. No wonder he complains that her stuff isn't humorous enough. She is too finely organized for such work. She would be too quick to see tear-stains on laughing faces."

After Blake had gone for good, leaving Armitage in charge, the latter selected Miss Amory's assignments as carefully as he could without being suspected of favoritism, sending her to the brighter sections of the city. He thought she seemed grateful for this, although she never thanked him or referred to the matter in any way.

Armitage found himself wondering, as the months went by, what had caused the note of sadness that ran through most of her work. That she had not always been lacking in ability to see the droll, whimsical side of things he knew.

Late one sultry afternoon in midsummer, almost a year from the time Armitage had come to the paper, the city editor and Miss Amory chanced to start out to dinner at the same time. As they went down in the elevator Armitage glanced at the face of the woman beside him, and his heart smote him. The corners of her mouth drooped and her eyes showed a vain struggle with melancholy.

"You look very tired," he said to her when they reached the street. "Won't you come for a walk in Battery Park? You will enjoy your dinner better after a breath of fresh air."

Miss Amory made no objection to this plan, but walked by his side in silence. "I wonder why it is," Armitage asked himself, "that when she does not talk she seems to be saying so many things?"

At the lower end of the sea-wall Armitage led the way to an empty bench. "Sit down," he said, "and tell me what is troubling you."

She sat down and looked out at the water a moment before replying. "Your prophecy has come true," she said at last.

"My prophecy?" repeated Armitage in a questioning tone.

"Don't you remember telling me, that night at Mrs. Holden's dance, that the loss of my ideals would destroy my happiness?"

Armitage drew in his breath sharply. So she had remembered, yet had been silent all this time. Well, it was like her. Any other woman would have spoken at once or not at all.

"Are your ideals shattered?" he asked.

"So completely that I cannot even gather up the fragments," she answered.

"And your faith in human nature?"

"That went first of all."

The man's face grew grave. "I know what you have gone through," he said. "Tell me about it; a trouble sometimes becomes lighter by being put into words."

"There was a time when I could not talk of it," the woman replied, "but the hardening process you said I could not stand is well advanced. I am quite willing now to admit the facts that truth and honor are mere words and heroic deeds tricks, done for the sake of the applause they gain. I have learned to see below the surface of things," she went on, not looking at him, "and am become a pessimist, like you."

"There are depths and depths," Armitage returned, "and I'm not a pessimist any more. I began to see light ahead of me a long time ago, the night I first met you, I think it was. And now we have changed places? I wish I might help you as you helped me then."

"I'm afraid I'm past help," the woman said despondently.

"No, no," cried Armitage, "you must not say that. It is not true. There was a time when the world seemed to me a vast den of wickedness, and I grew to credit every man and woman I met with a secret history, and even kind actions with a selfish motive; but gradually good and evil assumed their proper proportions and the latter slipped into its right place, in the background of my mind. Of course, sorrow and sin are on all sides of us, but there are other things too—truth and beauty and love."

"I cannot even believe in love any more," the girl said wearily.

Armitage gently laid a hand on hers. "Do you see that pair of lovers coming towards us?" he said. "Can you remain a pessimist with a picture like that before you? Do you doubt that they love each other with a love that makes life worth living in spite of its commonplaceness?"

"Of course, love exists," she admitted, "but it is fleeting, evanescent, and selfish. The devotion that asks no return, the loyalty that outlives silence and separation, are mere phrases. Those two love each other now, but in five years, ten years, how will it be?"

"The love will have sunk too deep to show on the surface, that is

all," Armitage replied. "Ah, if you could see the sights that I have seen in my midnight wanderings in places like this. An old couple, for instance, trying to get a few minutes' rest between the policeman's rounds; the man watching while the woman slept and taking off his coat to keep her warm. I used not to believe in love either, but there came a time when I had to believe in it because"—Armitage took out his card-case and drew a small package from it.

"Why, it is a rose," his companion exclaimed, when he had unfolded the white paper,—“a faded rose. You love someone,” she went on wonderingly; “you have loved someone a long time.”

Armitage folded the rose in the paper again and his hand closed over it. “It was yours,” he said quietly; “you dropped it in the music-room that night.”

A silence followed, which Armitage was the first to break. “Now you know why I must believe in love and loyalty,” he said. “After that night my cynicism fell away like a cloak. Life is but a journey from mountain top to mountain top, from the enthusiasm of youth to the philosophy of later life. To get from one to the other one must travel the valley of pessimism that lies between, but—Violet, the harvest of knowledge is happiness.”

The girl's eyes as her lover watched her lost their sadness, and her face seemed to take on a light like the glow of the sunset that brightened the western sky.

Armitage took the rose from its wrappings and laid it in the palm of his hand. “May I have it still?” he said.

Silently, with no hesitation, Violet laid her hand in his over the flower.



## A CATCH

BY RICHARD BURTON

**A** LONG comes Love  
 In the semblance of a boy,  
 And he rings a little bell,  
 And he sings a little song:  
 Lo, the change thereof!  
 Heaven after hell,  
 Beauty healing wrong,  
 And grief turned joy!

# THE PASTORAL PLAYERS

*By Phæbe Lyde*



THERE was no doubt about it. Peter had lost his temper, lost it as completely as any red-haired man ever succeeded in doing. To be sure, Peter's hair was not red; his worst enemy could but have dubbed it auburn; his friends pronounced it to be chestnut, and knew as "the glint" a crisp bit of curl which the barber left on his temples. His mustache and imperial betrayed him, however, also the impatient spark in his bright brown eyes. Whatever occult connection may exist between red hair and a fiery temper, which is cause and which effect, it boots not now to inquire; suffice it to say that Peter did not contradict the united testimony of ages.

Certainly, he had ample justification for his wrath. In the first place, he had been for a week at odds with himself and the universe, as the result of a quarrel with the person he loved best; then too the thermometer had stood at a thousand (roughly speaking) all day; and he had risen at dawn, and been obliged to take something like fifty trains across country; and his anterior griefs so confused his mind, that he changed, midway, at the wrong junction, and was, consequently, forced to retrace his unwilling footsteps. Worst of all, in a moment of absolute frenzy he had allowed himself to act as an interpreter for an elderly Frenchwoman, with whom he was then saddled for the bulk of the journey.

The elderly Frenchwoman was weighed down by a large basket containing a baby, whom she fed at intervals with coffee heated over a spirit-lamp, which Peter was permitted to steady. The baby was so remarkably small that Peter could not resist an inquiry as to its age, and, though no authority on such matters, was smitten with amazement at learning that "He had not yet five days, but had had *beaucoup de souci*." Peter certainly had "*beaucoup de souci*" before he parted with them. Further details of his sufferings may be spared, save that as a final touch he found no carriage at the station, and was forced to walk up, leaving his luggage to the tender mercies of a languid negro who "reckoned he might tote it round about breakfast time to-morrow."

It was a matter of ten years or more since Peter had last seen Mulberry Castle. Then he had been an ambitious lad of twenty, panting to take the Beaux Arts by storm, and display to an awestruck



public the combined talent of Raphael and Michael Angelo. It may freely be admitted he had done neither. In fact, he was civilized to the extent of finding these worthies "vieux jeu," and swore by the latest impressionist school; while his own productions were not calculated to fire either his contemporaries or posterity. But Paris had cast her spell over him, as she has done over many another. He lingered on, year after year, and in his flying visits to his native land he had never found time to go back to the old house which his great-grandfather had built, and which was now inhabited by his widowed Aunt Isabel and her brood of children. The brood had grown up in Peter's absence, and developed, among other things, a taste for histrionics, which they displayed, greatly to their satisfaction, on a little woodland stage of their own devising. It was partly to witness one of these performances that Peter had undertaken his luckless journey.

Now, behold, he had arrived at his destination, only to find himself a day after the fair. The pastoral play was over, the audience, even the distinguished amateur actors, had fled. The old house stood wide open and silent in the moonlight, an occasional glimmering lamp showing rooms in the disorder which the mummers had left: here a rose-colored scarf and a woman's long glove, there a rouge-pot by a hand-glass, a play-book marked and scored, or a gilt-handled dagger falling from its sheath. Positively, on returning to the home of his forefathers, after ten-years' absence in foreign lands, Peter had his sole welcome from that universal stopgap, Dominique.

He had been from time immemorial attached to the household, nominally as butler, but in reality fulfilling every function, from amusing the baby to superintending the garden. Peter fumed to himself that he supposed if the girls ever married, Aunt Isabel would ask Dominique to give them away.

Dominique, however, was, as usual, equal to the situation, and poured oil liberally on the troubled waters. He lifted his eyes, his hands, to heaven, his broad face was wreathed in smiles, his stout form shook with emotion; in thrilling accents he pronounced Peter to be the "bienvenu;" had our colder customs permitted, he would have fallen upon his neck and wept.

He declared that "ces dames had been desolated, but desolated to leave M. Pierre; it was only a moment, a second, since they had departed. And whither—but did not Monsieur know? All the world had gone over to supper with M. Georges, a little supper on the lawn, une vraie fête. Effectively Madame had left word, toutes ces dames had implored, that M. Pierre would join them on the instant."

M. Pierre looked so extremely opposed to doing anything of the sort, that Dominique continued the oiling process with redoubled vigor.

"A thousand pardons; if Monsieur would give himself the trouble of stepping into the dining-room. It had occurred to Dominique that M. Pierre might have hunger, and thirst, and fatigue." Indeed, M. Pierre appeared to be ravaged by all these disorders. "Dominique had prepared the merest trifle of supper, a bit of cold bird, some pâté, a leaf of lettuce—allons, Monsieur would remember Dominique's mayonnaise."

Peter did remember the mayonnaise, and, giving himself the trouble of entering the dining-room, was further cajoled and consoled by a bottle of the best champagne in his aunt's cellar, while Dominique beamed upon him like an attendant sprite.

"Allons, Monsieur, another little glass; Monsieur had need of all his forces before meeting ces dames. Ces dames were of a beauty—yes—and of a talent; truly they might be numbered among the most illustrious. The play had been un succès fou. Ah, what misfortune that Monsieur had not seen it! But he would find them all chez M. Georges. They would keep it up, voyez vous, as long as the moon lasted."

Peter allowed himself to be comforted with pâté and stayed with champagne; then, his meal being ended, strolled into the drawing-room and looked about him, evoking the recollections of his boyhood.

It was all so familiar and so fond, a thousand scenes of his childhood and youth came so vividly before him, the faint eastern perfume mingled so pleasantly with the smoke of his cigarette, Peter dissolved into a glow of general good feeling, and accepted Dominique's suggestion as to a "brin de toilette."

When he came out of his bath, however, he fell into a fresh rage. Dominique had removed his somewhat travel-stained garments and replaced them by—just heavens!—by a leather jerkin and a pair of long green tights. Peter protested to the universe that he had never imagined such a travesty. "Did they take him, then, for a Polichinelle? Dominique must hide these infamous trappings without a moment's delay, and bring him something—anything—respectable to wear, or he should not stir from the house."

Dominique's eyes and hands went up again. He called on all his gods, he cried that "Madame would be au désespoir. Madame had entreated, toutes ces dames had implored, that Monsieur would not spoil the fête. All the world, but all the world was en costume; even M. Georges,—and Monsieur must acknowledge the taille of M. Georges did not lend itself to these follies, yet rather than destroy the mise en scène M. Georges had consented to appear as Sir Falstaff."

Peter's fancy was excessively tickled by a vision of his uncle's capacious pouch in the attire of the great Sir John; and as a painter of ten-years' standing he shared that respect for a mise en scène which

was one of the foundation-stones of Dominique's character. He had a whimsical recollection of his boyish delight at finding the key of a minute hut where Dominique kept his fishing-tackle—the said key being adorned by an enormous label, on which was inscribed in bold Roman type the legend, "Villa de la Pêche."

He melted visibly, and Dominique took advantage of a relenting smile to hustle him at once into the offending garments.

"Voilà! Here, then, was the belt Monsieur sought. Ah, quel air gentil, and what a leg Monsieur possessed; but it was a sin to hide it in trousers. Madame had been sure everything would be right; Monsieur was precisely the shape of M. Eduard; truly, were it not for the little mustache and imperial, they were as alike, as who should say, two peas."

Peter recalled his Cousin Edward in the image of a gangling, caroty-headed boy; but if Dominique and the cheval glass were to be believed, he must have grown up into a very pretty fellow.

Dominique stood off and surveyed his victim in triumph. "Là! So it should be. Now if Monsieur would follow the lawn, take the path to the little theatre, yes, that was since Monsieur's day, there voyez vous, by the brook. Then M. Pierre must cross the stage and go up through the wood; sans doute he would find them all still at the table."

Peter nodded his thanks, strolled across the smooth lawn, turned down to the left under the giant clump of chestnuts, and in a moment more found himself at the woodland theatre. Of all the pretty places he had ever seen, and they were many, surely this was the very most charming.

The moon, full and brilliant, hung high in the heavens, making the place almost as light as day. A little gurgling rivulet, running through a deep stone channel, served to separate the audience's amphitheatre in the side of the hill from an oblong of velvet turf, which was evidently meant for the players. Dense thickets of rhododendron shrouded the winding paths that made the entrances to left and right; another steep path led up to a terrace, five or six feet above the stage, where a single statue topped a balustrade twined with roses and honeysuckle. The soft June air was filled with the fragrance of flowers and the chatter of the brook; behind all was the shadow and silence of the wood.

"By Jove," said Peter, "the old lady has done the trick uncommon well. I suspect, though, some of the young 'uns must have had a hand here; Master Edward may resemble me in other matters than legs. Who's the small beggar on the balustrade? The blind bow boy, I'll be bound."

He ran up the path to investigate; it was, indeed, a little naked

Cupid, his wings outstretched, his eyes blindfolded, and his bow drawn to the full. On the pedestal, inscribed in gold letters, was a translation of Voltaire's famous couplet,—

"Who e'er thou art, thy Master know;  
He is, or was, or shall be so."

Peter gazed upon this distich with a frowning brow; he walked down the slope still frowning; he kicked savagely at an unoffending tree-trunk which lay at the back of the stage, directly below the terrace. Despite the fact that it was much more painful to him than to the trunk, he seemed inclined to kick again, when his eye was caught by some drapery lying across it. Picking up the soft, heavy folds for inspection, he discovered a long cloak made of dull purplish silk, and wrought with curious gold arabesques, among which sparkled an occasional glittering paillette.

Peter held this garment at arm's length, regarding it with extreme disfavor. He gave it a vicious shake; then he made as though to cast it from him in disgust; but, catching a whiff of *veti vert*, suddenly changed his purpose and threw it about his shoulders, pulling the loose cowl in monkish fashion over his head. Thus attired, he flung himself down on the tree-trunk and stared gloomily at the grass.

"Confound Voltaire," he said; "but he's right all the same. Combine a pretty woman and that little imp yonder and the game's up. A man, a full-grown, reasonable man, will deliberately put himself in leading strings, regardless of all warnings, beginning with poor old Sampson. I'm damned if I go to Uncle George's,—looking like a Tomfool too,—I'll go straight back, and be hanged to her!"

He did not, however, carry this threat into immediate execution, but remained in an attitude of deep dejection, his head bowed upon his breast. A dove in the wood woke and crooned softly to her mate; the rippling brook murmured its sleepy song; the balm of roses and poignant sweetness of honeysuckle crept round him like a caress; Peter heeded them not, hugging closer to his bosom the voluminous purple folds, which seemed to produce somewhat the effect of the shirt of Nessus.

Suddenly a different note broke upon his reverie,—the sound of a voice, clear, silvery, and evidently feminine.

"Oh," it cried, "who, who, *who* would be a woman?"

Peter looked up, and saw in the front of the stage a tiny figure made apparently of gossamer and moonshine, which he took to be a fairy.

She was the smallest, slightest slip of a creature, in an Elizabethan costume of green and silver gauze; her long, slender throat rose from a lace ruff; her flaxen hair was twisted up with pearls; in fact, she

was precisely Peter's idea of a fairy queen. She did not behave, however, like a fairy of any rank. She stamped her small foot on the turf, and clinched vindictively a pair of diminutive hands.

"I can't stand it," she went on. "I won't sit in a corner and pretend to listen to that fool, Billy Ferguson, while Rosamond turns Teddy round her finger. A married woman, she ought to be ashamed, flirting, and leading people on; the worst of it is, I know she's laughing at Teddy all the time."

Peter was debating whether he might crawl off undiscovered, like the Indian of his boyhood; or if he had better, by the traditional slight cough, interrupt the fairy in full flow of eloquence. Before he could decide she whirled about and confronted him, displaying an apple-blossom face, two angry blue eyes, and a little, pointed chin.

"You mean, horrid cheat," she cried, "so you've been listening? Oh, what a beast you are!"

Peter, without protest, bowed his head to the storm; but her next words showed that he was only a vicarious victim.

"You needn't huddle up in that hateful cloak," she went on contemptuously, "looking just like a stupid owl. I'd know those green legs, Teddy, anywhere. Well, I don't care if you did hear me; I'm glad you did. Your Rosamond is making a fool of you, and everybody knows it; I can see her laughing myself. You needn't think I care," said the small creature, tossing her head, "only I hate to see any friend of mine behave like such a donkey; no wonder you sit there now, ashamed to show your face, and sulking as if you were five years old. Oh, if you knew how unspeakably silly you look."

To temporize is to be lost. Peter cast honor to the winds, and opposed a discreet silence to the enemy's attack. This seemed to exercise a calming influence on the fairy; after a moment's pause she took a hesitating step towards him.

"I don't want to blame you too much, Teddy," she said. "Of course, a man can't have the same opportunities of judging as a woman. Why, would you believe it, when I said the other day that I thought it disgraceful for married people to flirt, Rosamond laughed in my face, and told me I had a primitive point of view! And just you wait," she cried out, her wrath flaming afresh, "till she's ruined your life, and broken your heart, and made a perfect ass of you—and see if she doesn't throw you overboard like—a—like a squeezed lemon."

Peter clung to his policy of masterly inaction, draping himself in the reprobated folds of his mantle; the girl took another step nearer and said hopefully,—

"Perhaps she's done it already?"

It would have been utterly impossible for anyone with the smallest dramatic feeling to have refrained from the hollow groan which burst



from Peter's lips at this suggestion. The next instant the green fairy dropped beside him on the tree-trunk.

"Oh Teddy," she said in tones of the deepest compassion, "don't feel that way about it. Hateful thing, she's not fit to black your boots; why, you stroked the 'Varsity eight, and wrote the class poem, and led all the rows too. Never mind; your real friends know what you are, and I'm your oldest friend in the world, Teddy." She put out a snowflake hand and just brushed the purple shoulder by a finger-tip. "Don't you remember all our larks when we were children? Have you forgotten the time I kicked Daddy Bates's boots down his well, and you said you'd go to prison with me; and the time the cows eat my shoes and stockings while we were wading, and you carried me home, because the stubble hurt my feet? You were always such a brick to me then, and that's why I minded your being so huffy with me when we quarrelled last week. And I could have explained all about that drive with Billy Ferguson if—if—" Her flaxen head drooped, something glistened on her cheek in the moonlight, her voice stopped in a little, sobbing sigh.

In addition to a hot temper, Peter possessed most of the normal instincts of male humanity; under these trying circumstances there was but one course of action open to him. Peter cast aside his cloak and prepared to administer the rite of consolation.

"You dear, dear little girl," he began, by way of preliminary; but the fairy recoiled from his impending arm in horror.

"Oh," she gasped. "Why, it isn't Teddy."

Peter met the issue squarely. "No," he said with firmness, "it isn't—it's Peter."

Before he could proceed to any further explanation a deep voice suddenly echoed from the wood above, somewhat to the right.

"This way, Rosamond," it called, "here. Please, mayn't I have your hand? Do, do let me help you."

A woman's voice answered, full and melodious, but with a lurking note of mischief. "Oh Teddy, what a nice, strong boy you are; you take such care of my poor old bones." There was a gurgle of laughter. "Look out! this is my favorite nose, and I should hate to break it."

The green fairy looked wildly about for escape.

"What shall I do?" she said in a trembling whisper. "They mustn't find me here."

Peter appeared to share her sentiments, and there was no time to be lost. Snatching her soft hand, he pulled her up the slope after him, and they crouched down behind the rose-covered balustrade just as another couple debouched from the thicket on the right.

The man was young and smooth-faced, his tall and shapely figure set off by a leathern jerkin and a pair of bright green tights.

The lady whom he escorted was also tall, very slender, but without an angle anywhere, what the French call "*une fausse maigre*," and she moved with a sort of indolent, dawdling grace. Her dress was of gold brocade, the ruff a cobweb of priceless point; her waist, her bosom, her crisping, cloudy hair, glittered and tinkled with jewels. She carried her head cocked the merest trifle to the side; her dark eyes darted love and laughter, while her mouth would have tempted St. Anthony himself.

"See, Rosamond," said her companion eagerly, "there is your cloak, just on the tree-trunk, as I thought."

"Dear Teddy," she cooed, "how good you are to me; and so clever too. Who else would ever have remembered my poor old belongings?"

"As if I could forget even a ribbon you had ever worn," he declared, bending towards her. But she moved away, giving him a ravishing smile over her shoulder.

"Oh, you delightful person," she said, "what stupendous powers of memory you must own. I shall have to make you Grand Master of the Robes; I can't remember my possessions five minutes at a time."

She sank down on the tree-trunk as she spoke, and sat silent for a moment, smoothing her silken cloak with a caressing gesture. The young man threw himself at her feet, gazing at her somewhat as the wolf may have inspected Red Riding-Hood.

"Ah," she said, breaking the silence with a sigh, "what a night it is. 'The moon shines bright, on such a night as this'— Did any-one ever know the end of that quotation, I wonder?"

"Do you, I wonder, know the end of this?" he retorted, and, moving nearer, began to murmur,—

" 'Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air  
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars.  
Sweet Helen, make me immortal——' "

She interrupted him with a delicious burst of laughter.

"I forbid you to finish it, you bad boy. You've got it all mixed, anyhow, and I shall do nothing of the kind. Pray, Master Edward, are you aware that I am a married woman?"

"Stuff," said Master Edward, laying an impious cheek on an out-lying fold of brocade that billowed near him.

"And old enough to be your grandmother?"

"Nonsense!" he cried, catching a dangling chain to his lips.

"Stop, you naughty child," she insisted; her reproving hand flashed in the moonlight. "No, Teddy, no, you're making a mistake; don't ride for a fall. I shall have to scold you seriously in a moment, and you won't like that. People are always being mistaken about me," she continued plaintively, but with a whimsical smile; "and it isn't my

fault; I'm only the victim of conglomerate heredity. Did you ever hear of Great-Grandmamma Carey? It is not generally brought forward in the family, but the truth is Great-Grandmother Carey was a model of—of *indiscretion*. Now I look precisely like her, while my heart is framed in the exact mould of papa's Aunt Matilda, a virgin lady who contracted small-pox at the tender age of seventeen, and devoted the rest of a long life to the uplifting of paupers."

"Oh, bosh!" he broke in impatiently. "What do I care about old maids and grandmothers? I only know that you are you, and the most tantalizing, adorable creature in the whole wide world."

"Well done, Teddy," she clapped, "you do lay it on thick. And what, if you please, would little Miss Phyllis say to that profession of faith?"

Master Edward's brow clouded; he permitted himself an impatient jerk of a buskined foot.

"You needn't waste any powder over Phil," he said sulkily. "She's so taken up with that rotten Billy Ferguson, I might go to the devil full gallop, and she wouldn't raise a finger to stop me."

Rosamond cocked her head somewhat further on the side and darted a quizzical look at him. "Oh-ho," said she, "sits the wind in that quarter? and do I represent a gentle trot to the infernal regions?"

But Master Edward was too absorbed in his subject to heed her.

"No," he declared firmly, "I'm through with Phil; it was all over only the day before you came. Why, Rosamond,"—he sat up quite straight in gathering wrath,—“she was my oldest friend in the world; we'd done everything together; I'd never even looked at another girl, as far as I can remember. And then she broke an engagement with me to go driving with that brute Ferguson—a cad if there ever was one—and expected me to cool my heels waiting for her. Of course," he continued loftily, "you couldn't be supposed to quite understand the situation."

Rosamond dissolved into dimples.

"You ridiculous child. As if I didn't know; as if I hadn't seen you, the very day I got here. There you sulked, your back to everyone, glowering at your little Phyllis with that look—oh, well do I know it—that look which absolutely incites a woman to crime. You never noticed me," she went on. "Ah, you needn't deny it. Now, I'm a vain old thing, Teddy. I prefer people to be aware of my presence; besides, I wasn't very happy myself, so I decided you should notice me, and—and you did. And now it's all a horrid mess, and I've mixed everyone up, and got everything uncomfortable as usual. Go," she cried imperiously, "go and make friends with your little Phyllis at once."

"It wouldn't work," he said gloomily. "You don't know what

Phil can be like when she's got her back up. Anyhow, she couldn't have cared, or she'd never thrown me over to start with."

Rosamond considered him gravely.

"Teddy," she said, "do you really think it worth while to quarrel with your oldest friend in the world? Of course, Miss Phyllis may prefer playing with the Ferguson boy, though I shouldn't myself, but it don't seem to me you've offered her much choice lately. It's difficult for a girl to give an explanation if a man doesn't ask one."

Master Edward rose, stalked across the stage, returned, and stood with folded arms and a somewhat Napoleonic air.

"I told her," he announced, "that I did not care to hear anything she had to say."

"How extremely encouraging; and I suppose you expected her to beat her breast and cry 'Mea culpa' at once?"

The young fellow set his lips in a tighter line. Rosamond leaned slightly forward and lifted the soft magic of her glance.

"Wait, Teddy," she said in a different tone, "listen; I will tell you a secret. You know that I am married, but you don't know—few people do—that I am in love with my husband. It is a fact, nevertheless. Ah, I cannot say why; there were several other persons with superior qualifications; he is an indifferent painter, and he has red hair, but he pleased me best; he does to this day. Well, we quarrelled before I came here,—we always do; Peter has the temper of a fiend, and I—I can be very provoking when I put my mind to it. The upshot was he would not come with me, and I vowed never to forgive him; indeed, it was not quite fair to let me make my first visit to his relations all alone. But I have had myself to quarrel with for a week, and if he were here now I should not keep my vow; I should hardly wait for him to ask my pardon. I am wiser than you, Teddy; I have learned my lesson; and I know that life is short, that youth is shorter, that, if one is not careful, love may be shortest of all."

With a swift and gracious movement she rose to her slender height.

"Look," she said, pointing to the white god, who bent his bow above them,—“look. There is the little tyrant that rules us. It is easy to drive him away, his wings are fluttering already; but remember, sometimes he does not come back. Oh, you silly, silly boy,”—her voice sank to a murmuring sweetness,—“how can you waste such a night as this? Find your Phyllis, fall on your knees before her, say to her, ‘We are a couple of fools, it matters not who was first in the wrong. See, the moon is shining, youth is sweet in our veins, and love, ah, love has not yet flown.’”

There was a stir on the terrace above, a swish of silken skirts. "Oh, catch him, Teddy," cried a girl's voice, "catch him; he'll break his neck."

The green fairy fluttered down the slope, tripped, slipped, and landed in Master Edward's arms, just as Peter, clearing the balustrade in a bound, dropped on his knees, and caught his wife's hands to his heart.

"Darling," he cried, with unblushing plagiarism, "we are a parcel of fools, but I am the worst of the lot."

Rosamond broke into a laugh like the bubbling brook, though her dark eyes swam in tears.

"Oh Peter," she said, "you egregious old goose! did you suppose I couldn't see your green legs through the honeysuckle? Now you'll be permanently sprung in the knees as a punishment for eavesdropping. Hush," she went on before he could answer. "Hark; what was that?"

The shrill note of a violin floated through the glade. Down the narrow path wound a motley crew of revellers, led by a tall boy in pale blue satin, laced with silver. His fair head was flung back; as he danced he drew his bow now and again across the strings of his fiddle. His companions followed, two by two, chiming a breathless chorus as they came.

Peter sprang to his feet like a flash, and, still holding his wife's hand, whirled her into step behind the fair-haired fiddler. The younger couple dallied a moment longer, looking into each other's eyes; then, joining their voices to the rhythm, they footed it blithely along at the end of the line. The joyous band danced up the exit to the left and disappeared in the shadows of the wood.

Night spread her mantle of peace; pale moonbeams silvered the murmuring brook; the leaves kissed one another gently, stirred by the scented breeze; and the little white god bent his bow in silence over the empty stage.



## JEALOUSY

BY GEORGE JAMES

LIKE straw-ride folk,  
With raucous horns,  
That pass by night some sleep-held farm  
And jeer at lovers, moon-lit, still  
Trysting by dewy stiles,—

So clash my thoughts  
When strangers come  
Unwished, to drag our souls apart  
And break our peace, and bid me share  
The largess of thy smiles.



# TIPS AND COMMISSIONS

*By John Gilmer Speed*



EVERYONE who has travelled in Europe knows that it is almost necessary to pay one's way twice over. A traveller pays his fare from place to place, and in addition tips the guards and the porters; he pays his bill at the hotel, and scatters small change right and left among the waiters and chambermaids. Even when he is visiting at a private house he must fee the servants,—at least, it is expected that he will. The traveller does not always know it, but it is nevertheless true, that some one or another nearly always receives a commission on his purchases at the shops—his guide, his courier, or his hotel-keeper. Tips are open, the commissions are secret. Against the latter there is war in England, as Lord Russell, of Killowen, has offered and is pressing a bill to make the giving and receiving of secret commissions a criminal offence. Of this I shall say something presently.

The other day the Queen of Italy was shocked to learn that she was paying more than double prices for all her wearing apparel. For years she had entrusted these purchases to a servant, who had practical charge of the royal wardrobe. This servant recently was ill, and a lady-in-waiting was asked to do some necessary shopping. The prices demanded were obviously exorbitant. The lady protested, saying, "You ask twice as much as you should."

"But what can I do, Madam?" the shopkeeper protested; "the Queen's maid will demand her commission, and she is never satisfied with less than fifty per cent."

This being reported to the Queen, the dishonest servant lost her place. But will it be better? Sellers expect to give commissions, and the agents of purchasers expect to receive them. It is a custom of trade, and customs are often much stronger and more vital than laws.

It is said, and said truly, I am persuaded, that even clubmen in London and Paris accept and expect commissions when recommending tradesmen to their friends. I have been approached more than once by men I have met on the other side who seemed uncommonly anxious to introduce me to their tailors, bootmakers, and hatters. This seems a very small kind of business, and is an instance of vice working upward instead of down. Usually servants imitate the masters as best they can.

In this case a practice begun in the stable, the kitchen, and the servants' hall has invaded the drawing-room, where it is surely at once more obnoxious and more ignoble.

But our skirts are not entirely clean on this side of the Atlantic, though, to be sure, it is not yet by any means common for gentlemen or ladies to take commissions from their tradesmen on account of services rendered. As to whether it will be or not, I am not so sure. That servants expect and exact commissions is absolutely certain, however. A while ago I sold a horse to a friend. He took a fancy to the horse and finally bought him for four hundred dollars. The next day he came to me with a check for four hundred and twenty-five dollars. "When you send that horse around," he said, "please give that extra twenty-five dollars to my coachman. I don't want him to lame that horse or injure him in any way."

"Gracious!" I asked, "you seem to be in mortal fear of your coachman?"

"Yes, I suppose I am. They are all alike, however. Commissions on purchases are the perquisites of the stablemen, and they have no use for a horse about which they have not been consulted and on which they have not had a commission. I have had some nasty experiences, and as this horse is for my own riding, I don't want any prejudices in the stable against him."



The coachmen in New York, it may be explained, are more frequently than not of foreign birth, either English or Irish. They brought the commission idea to this country with them, and here it has expanded tremendously. I do not mean to suggest that in small houses where a very few servants are kept that it amounts to anything, but in large establishments it flourishes like a green bay tree. A few years ago a gentleman in New York was presented with an immense bill for repairs to his carriages. He asked for the items, and, being dissatisfied, refused to pay. A suit was the consequence. In the evidence taken it was proved that more than half the amount of the bill went to the coachman as commission. It seemed evident that whenever the coachman needed a few dollars he took a carriage to the builder and directed that something should be done to it, always demanding a cash commission when the order was given. The evidence further showed that this was a well-established custom in New York and accepted as a mere matter of business detail. What was more surprising, the coachmaker got judgment on his bill. I may be wrong, but I have always had my suspicions about that coachmaker, and have even doubted the integrity of the materials and workmanship of his vehicles.

This custom, which in this country probably began in the stable,

has spread, and now all the purveyors to a house of importance expect to pay the commissions which the servants in charge of the various departments exact. If a butcher does not pay liberally and promptly, how easy is it for the cook to spoil the meat. That is the way those on the inside manage, and so it is easier and safer for the butcher and other tradesmen to fall into this dishonest practice. Indeed, I fancy that at present it is the tradesmen who usually make the overtures towards the despoiling of those who pay the bills. This is not a division of profits, by any means. The commissions are slapped right on to the consumer without consulting him in any way, and he pays without in the least knowing that he is being robbed. And it is robbery—robbery of a mean, contemptible, and underhand kind.

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That is the view Lord Russell, of Killowen, who is Chief Justice of England, takes, and in his bill the offence is made a misdemeanor with a maximum punishment of two years at hard labor. In his speech in the House of Lords advocating the bill Lord Russell recalled various shifts resorted to in covering secret commissions met in his experience as commercial lawyer and judge. He told of one of his clients who had been in business for twenty years and was regarded as a man of entire uprightness. He was charged at the Leeds Assizes with entering into a conspiracy with Lord Masham's foreman dyer to defraud Lord Masham by invoicing goods which were never delivered, by invoicing inferior goods and charging the price of higher-class goods, and occasionally, when they sent the best goods, by charging an excessive price for them. Lord Russell asked his client how he could be a party to such transactions. The explanation was that he could not help it, that he was driven to it. It began first with small commissions, but gradually the screw was turned on, and his trade profits would have disappeared altogether if he had not fallen in with this arrangement. A number of witnesses before the committee considering the bill drew attention to the prevalence of bribery in the case of buyers for large houses and coöperative companies; also in the calico trade, the publishing trade, and the printing trade. Lord Russell said he had a letter from the representative of a large firm of dealers in ink, color, and varnishes, who said that the managers of a certain newspaper in the provinces allowed their machine overseer to order inks, with the results that his firm had to pay this man five shillings per drum so as to get the orders. When the price fell so as to make that commission too heavy, the overseer suggested that they should send smaller drums, as the drums were not weighed on delivery. Another machine overseer, who was leaving one place to go to another, demanded two pounds from his firm, otherwise he would not recommend their inks at his new place.

In another case a foreman levied a commission of one penny a pound, or about twenty-five per cent., on the ink supplied by the firm. From this man a communication was received to the effect that he would not be able to use as much ink as formerly, because a gas engine had been put in in place of a boiler, and there was no furnace in which he could get rid of the ink. The writer of this letter added that the acceptance of ink or machinery depended, except in cases where men looked after their own business, not upon the excellence of the things nor their price, but upon the amount of the bribes that were given. He had in his possession original demands from overseers for Christmas-boxes which were to be sent to them privately, and in some of these cases sums amounting to twenty-five pounds had been paid. The report also stated that the practice prevailed in the brewing trade, bribes being given to butlers, major-domos, coachmen, gamekeepers, and even gardeners.

A case had come before the courts in which a company had been formed for the sale, in part, of some kind of medicated wine, in which it was shown that founders' shares were distributed among doctors upon the terms that the doctors were to puff the wines.

Lord Russell quoted from the report of the committee of the London Chamber of Commerce appointed to inquire as to the extent of secret commissions. The committee found that engineers received fees or payments from builders. It was also proved that chemists paid doctors commissions of twenty-five or fifty per cent. on the prices charged for medicines supplied by prescriptions to patients; that doctors handed to the sorrowing widow an undertaker's card and received a percentage of ten to twenty per cent. on the funeral charges, though he should be sorry to believe that these practices were general among medical men.



Then the report went on to give illustrations relating to the cutlery trade, in which it was stated this mischievous practice had done a great deal of harm. The system of levying blackmail went right through some houses down to the boy who took in the manufacturer's card to the buyer, and civility and attention had to be paid for by the unfortunate traveller. One witness said he had lost scores of orders through refusing to bribe.

From what I hear from England it does not seem likely that Lord Russell's bills will pass this session or even next. The Lord Chancellor, after the report was made, pointed out that a previous bill collapsed because it appeared that a gentleman who gave a porter sixpence on a railway platform rendered himself liable to two-years' imprisonment. It was a secret commission, because it was a bribe to the company's servant to do something for a third party. Possibly an act may bring the more flagrant case inside the criminal law, and the whole system be

discouraged by publicity, as it is in the secrecy that the vice lies. Even, however, though this effort to correct a great abuse should fail now, a beginning has been made, a beginning which is not likely to exhaust itself in mere agitation.

I have spoken of bribery in the households in America. It is by no means unknown in business. There are certain positions, the holders of which make large purchases for corporations, that are considered to be very valuable because of the perquisites outside of the salary. It used to be the case—we may now be living in a purer atmosphere—that the officers of insurance companies always expected a personal bonus when purchasing bonds with the money of the policy-holders. The poorer the investment the larger the bonus. Such are secret commissions of the most obnoxious kind, and are clearly punishable by existing law. Besides, civil actions can be maintained to recover from officers who thus abuse their trusts.

A tip is another matter. It is akin to the secret commission, but not more than a second cousin at best. It had its origin in Europe, where now it is universal and quite a matter of course. A traveller, a visitor, or a guest expects to give a small tip for each service. In Paris, particularly at the restaurants, there is an established tariff for tips. The waiters getting these regularly receive no wages, or very small wages, from the proprietor. In some places the tips are so frequent and amount to so much in the aggregate that the waiters pay for the privilege of waiting. The tip tariff in Paris is five per cent. of the bill for Parisians and ten per cent. for strangers. In the rest of Europe it is not so well regulated. In Germany, twenty-five years ago, a small tip would go a long way; but Berlin has grown haughty of late, and the waiters expect quite as much as their prototypes in Paris and London. All over Europe, however, the tip prevails and is as much a matter of course as any other existing thing. I have often heard it said that on account of the tips it was quite as expensive to stay in an English country-house as to put up at the best hotel. This is so or not accordingly as the tipper distributes his money. If he give too much for fear of giving too little, then he can easily give away more than a hotel would cost. But there is a well-bred conservatism in tipping which one soon learns. Nothing is more caddish than to give to servants recklessly. And I suspect that servants think so too. They recognize the snob,—one who, according to Thackeray, admires mean things meanly,—and they know that it is not generosity which prompts the large tip, but a desire to be thought well of and extolled in the servants' hall. The moderate tip is the best tip, and when servants are insolent—as they sometimes will be—no tip at all.

It is not possible, however, to lay down any hard-and-fast rule as to the proper fees to go to servants in English houses. These must be



regulated according to the rank of the servant, the amount of service rendered, and the means of the guest. For instance, the butler expects the largest tip of all, though he may have done next to nothing for the guest's comfort. As to a guest's means, there is a tolerably certain knowledge in England so far as Englishmen are concerned. As to foreigners, the servants have to guess. But they look upon it as certain that all visiting Americans are rich, as rich as brewers or dukes. "What," they naively say, "what is the use of being American if you are not rich." Americans are therefore expected to be liberal—even what would be considered vulgar and prodigal in others is forgiven in them. But the nearer they approach in their actions as to living the English they are visiting with the better is their form considered to be. So it may be well to know what an Englishman would give after a fortnight's visit to a country-house. If he were a man of ordinary means, neither rich nor poor and a bachelor, he would give a sovereign to the butler, as much more to the man who had valeted for him, and distribute two sovereigns more among the other servants. If he had used his host's horses, he would have been giving from day to day to the grooms as each service was rendered. To the man who took him to the station he would give a tip of from five to ten shillings according to the distance. The same rule applies to a woman visiting by herself. When a man and his wife visit together the tips are practically doubled. So it will be seen that if tips are given on the scale as indicated they do not amount to anything like what charges at a hotel would. There is a tradition that butlers in smart houses feel insulted when parting guests put in their hands other than gold, unless it be paper. As the smallest English bank-note is five pounds, it is easy to understand that they are willing that it should be given instead of coin of the realm.

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Tipping on the ocean steamship crossing the North Atlantic is also a matter of course. Every human being who ministers to a passenger's comfort expects to be tipped. All the stewards—and by no chance is one's bedroom steward also his servitor at table—expect a tip. Ten shillings is the conventional fee for each, except the deck and smoking-room stewards. To each of these two and six is enough. The surgeon too, if he has done anything for you, expects to be remembered. A passenger should, in his estimate of expenses of a trip to Europe, add at least five pounds for tips each way. These servants expect the tips; indeed, they cannot live without them, as their wages are next to nothing. There would be no wages if it were not that in that case the steamship companies could not enforce their contracts for service. Once I was crossing, and just after leaving Queenstown my bedroom steward told me that the steward of the next section had jumped overboard and committed suicide. "Why did he do that?" I asked.

"Well, you see, sir, he had a hard winter, and this was his first trip. He hoped to make a good bit by it. At Liverpool he had no passengers in his section at all. He waited for Queenstown. There he got a lady and a Jew. So he saw, sir, it wasn't no good, and he up and killed himself." This, to be sure, is a very bad system, but it seems likely to last. It is like advertising on the Sound boats—fare to Boston one dollar. When you get on the boat you learn that you have bought standing-room only. Everything else has to be paid for as an extra.

In New York at this time the tipping custom is as well established as in Europe. The same is the case in the other large cities. In my time it has become much more general. I remember when I came North for the first time I had never known any but negro servants. Negroes take tips, of course; one expects that of them—it is a token of their inferiority. But to give money to a white man was embarrassing to me. I felt defiled by his debasement and servility. Indeed, I do not now comprehend how any native-born American could consent to take a tip. Tips go with servility, and no man who is a voter in this country by birthright is in the least justified in being servile. One day I went home when some packers were at work there. They had been calling for "beer money" all day, and had insisted that it was the usual thing. The women at home were annoyed and a little frightened. When I got there the packers were quite merry and also quite idle. Learning of the condition of things, I asked the head man where he was born. He said, "Right here in good old New York." "Indeed," I replied, "and you, an American, ask women to give you money for beer," and I cleaned those native vermin out of my place as quickly as their legs could carry them. Native Americans do not as a general thing accept tips. One of the very first things an American child in a self-respecting family is taught is that he or she must not take money from anyone not a close member of the family.

Men do not enjoy tipping servants on every side. This is proved by the rule which obtains in all clubs. This rule imperatively forbids tipping. And I know of no club rule which is lived up to more cheerfully and universally. Sometimes a club servant does something for a member which the member wishes to acknowledge in a more substantial fashion than by mere thanks. This he can do without breaking the spirit of the club rule, even though he break the letter. But in such case it is individual dealing with individual, and not a club member's transaction with a club servant. There may have been instances of a club member being disciplined for tipping a club servant, but I never heard of such. Club members are usually more or less men of the world, and they are not seeking very hard to find servants to tip—they are plentiful enough without hunting.

In some restaurants in New York the waiters put all their tips in a box and divide equally. That is a very general plan in Paris, I believe. As a rule, in this country, however, what each gets is his own. In one café with three distinct sets of patrons the tipping is so constant that the waiters serving there pay handsomely for the privilege. There is, however, but one such place, I think. At another well-patronized place some of the waiters have served many years. I talked with one of these the other day. He said he had kept accounts of his tips for twenty years. The lowest on record was eight hundred dollars, the highest eighteen hundred, while the average was thirteen hundred. This means that in tips this worthy man had taken in about three dollars and a half a day during twenty years. I was quite prepared to have him tell me that he had educated one of his sons, putting him through college and the law school. This man was German. It probably never occurred to him that there was anything debasing in taking a tip. And for him there was nothing debasing in it. He lived and acted in harmony with the sphere of life into which he was born. That was all. But it would be an entirely different thing for this son, this beneficiary of tips, to receive one. He is an American and must take fees only. For his father's sake as well as his own I hope his fees will be large.

The grade of the place determines in large measure the size of the tips expected. In an ordinary chop-house ten cents for each plate is received with thanks; at more flamboyant places twenty-five cents is looked upon as the most modest gratuity compatible with self-respect. In private houses each guest must regulate his tips according to his own means and the service rendered. Any cut-and-dried rule would often be a hardship both to servants and to guests. In England servants receive very small wages, and the opportunity for tips is counted as part of the compensation for service. Here it is different. Our servants are paid very well, and when they are thrifty they can in reasonable time put themselves in a condition similar to Major Pendennis's Morgan. Morgan, you remember, offered to discount a bill for Arthur when he suspected that young gentleman to be in debt.

In the older cities of this country, even where cab-hire is very high, the drivers expect a tip in addition to the regular charge. This is especially so where one gets a cab from a livery-stable which he patronizes regularly, and therefore, by the way, pays in excess of the regular rates fixed by law. Drivers called by club members who sign cards that are turned into the clubs expect tips for themselves. One rainy night a noted wit in New York came to dine with me, driving from his club. When he got in he was as wet as though he had tumbled into the river with all his clothes on. Explaining his moist condition,

he said, "You know I had to apologize to the cabby because I did not have a tip for him." The futility of the expense for the cab seemed not to have occurred to him.

In Europe the tip to the cabman in excess of his legal fare is a well-established matter of course. These cabmen, whether in London, Paris, or Berlin, identify an American at once both by his appearance and by his speech. From an American fare they expect much liberality, and in case of disappointment are prepared to be sarcastic and otherwise disagreeable. On one occasion I took a hansom in London for a distance well within the four-mile limit. I gave the cabman half a crown. He looked at me with much impudence and said, "You have made a mistake, sir."

I reached for the coin and, putting it in my pocket, said: "So I have. Much obliged to you." Then I handed him one shilling, his exact fare. He was as angry as a cabman permits himself to be in a country where the police will take the word of him who seems to be a gentleman against that of a cabman every time.

Whether, however, we give in excess of the legitimate charge either in commissions or in tips, the custom is, it seems to me, not entirely commendable even when it is not vicious and dishonest. The tip, like the present or holiday gift, is only respectable when the giver really wishes to give and the receiver is grateful for a something not actually earned as a wage is earned, but given as a reward and in some degree as a token of friendship and good-will.



## THE TUNNEL

BY WILLIAM HURD HILLYER

GRAY, rock-strewn plains, walled in with hueless hills:  
 A blurred, tumultuous canyon: then the black  
 Jaws of the tunnel—instant night, that chills  
 Through the closed windows. Down the obscure track  
 Rushes the train with blind, monotonous  
 Clamor; the steam's huge intermittent roar  
 Grows fiercer. Has this darkness dolorous  
 No end?—and shall we see the sky no more?

But look! A sudden smoky dawn—a burst  
 Of sunshine, and the far, sweet blue! Behold  
 Another country, fairer than the first:  
 Meadows and misty woods and harvest-gold,  
 And a slow river, at whose flowered verge  
 The wet grass flourishes and calm trees bend.  
 And so, perhaps, we may at last emerge  
 From that dread tunnel whither all roads tend.

# ALCATRAZ ISLAND

*By Clarence L. Cullen*

*Author of "Tales of Ex-Tanks"*



"I AM going to get away from here," muttered No. 0145, and his teeth came down with a click.

He had just finished dumping the contents of a heavy galvanized iron can into the garbage-cart, to which was attached a placid mule. Ten paces back of the cart was a moon-faced artilleryman, with his Springfield slung easily over his right shoulder and his left thumb tucked comfortably into his canvas cartridge-belt, in front of which glistened—five on either side of the buckle—ten nicely polished ball cartridges.

"And," whispered No. 0145 hoarsely, when he had clucked to the mule, "I am going to get away from here d——d quick—if I get the note to Stella."

There was a good deal of a hunted look on the lad's handsome but weak countenance. His eyes stared straight ahead, and the lines around his mouth were hard. He looked like the sort of military convict you'd feel like keeping the good eye on, supposing you were the sentry detailed to follow him. His sinewy hands closed and unclosed nervously as he traipsed on behind the cart, and the moon-faced guard in his rear noticed this.

"I think," mused the moon-faced sentry, as he watched the twitching movements of No. 0145's hands, "that I'd plunk him right there on the left side of his back, where the red numbers are, if he tried to get gay."

This was on Alcatraz. Alcatraz is a seven-acre rock rising out of San Francisco harbor, a pocket edition of Gibraltar. Alcatraz squats like a dog before the Golden Gate. During nine months of the year and every night the fogs that sneak through the Gate give the dog a good washing. On Alcatraz Island is the military prison, and there is nothing whatever of prettiness about Alcatraz. The artillerymen stationed there hate it; let that suffice for the military convicts' opinion of it. Dun-hued San Francisco stretches away ramblingly to the west of it. Over the other way, almost indistinguishable, is Oakland. Some miles above the nose of it is Goat Island. At the other end, mound-like and treeless, is Angel Island. But Alcatraz sits all alone, the color of



raw rubber, and bare as a boulder, for all that—four miles from anywhere. It is a mean place to soldier; but to be a military convict there is to be bound to Prometheus's rock. The prison is huddled at the eastern base—mean wooden buildings built on a ledge very close to the cheerless water of the Pacific. Crowning the Alcatraz rock—one hundred and fifty feet above the water, say—is an uninteresting red brick citadel, around which, during the hours of the day, a bored sentinel patrols, seeing to it that no fishing-boat gets within a radius—eye measurement—of three hundred feet of the island. The wherefore of this is that the most tractable of the prisoners are loose, unguarded, during the day hours, and some fishing-boats have been known to be more than they look—have been known, in fact, to steal away with gray-clad, numbered men lying flat in their stern-sheets. When the weary sentinel on top of the citadel descries a rag-sailed skiff getting close to the unmarked line, he bawls down to the sergeant of the guard, whose office is in the prison, whereupon one of the non-commissioned officers of the guard swears softly but volubly, picks up his gun, and repairs to the point indicated by the citadel sentinel, and howls to the occupant of the boat to sheer off or get himself punctured. But at night, when the prisoners are all locked in their cells, the citadel sentinel walks the dock adjoining the prison. Boats may not get near the dock—but an armada might steal up to the other side of the island.

No. 0145 continued his rounds with the sloop-cart, most of the journey in the rear of the officers' quarters—a humiliating job even for a convict who in civil life had been a hod-carrier; little short of living death for No. 0145, who had been no hod-carrier, but a youth who had been placed in the station of a gentleman, even though he had exhibited few of a gentleman's attributes.

In the shelter of the shed, when No. 0145 was unhitching the mule, he uttered a "Ps-st!" for the ears of his guard. The moon-faced sentry, leaning on his gun, looked at the prisoner lazily.

"Huh?" said he.

No. 0145 drew a letter from beneath his undershirt.

"Going across to-night?" whispered No. 0145, his face working.

"Yep," replied the moon-face.

"Mail this for me?"

"Uh-huh," replied the sentry. "Throw it down."

No. 0145 threw the letter on the stable floor, and the sentry, with a grunt, stooped and picked it up.

"Thanks," said No. 0145.

"That's all right," said the sentry, sticking the letter in his blouse.

This was regular enough. The Alcatraz soldiers mailed letters for the military convicts. A soldier never knows when he is going to be a military convict himself,—too much whiskey, the flash of a knife, or

so little a thing as rapping a non-com. on the nose—and there he is, in a coarse gray suit of wool, with a red number on his back. And so the soldiers mailed the convicts' letters, the convicts not caring to employ the regular method of having their effusions censored.

Mess-call sounded, and the sentry took No. 0145 down the winding hill to the prison and turned him over to the sergeant of the guard.

No. 0145 was George Bentham, black sheep and little short of black-guard. He was the son of a wealthy man of Los Angeles, and he had done few right things in his whole life. He was the weakling of the brood, and his weakness was pretty stiffly mixed with viciousness. He had been a drunkard, a gambler, and much of a libertine before attaining his majority, and after that he was all three on a heavier scale. He had been cast out of his university, cast out of clubs, cold-shouldered by all of his friends, and yet he went right on. His father had argued with him, entreated him, scorned him; but it was no good. The boy didn't appear to have the stuff in him to get to himself. At length young Bentham made an unbelievably scandalous marriage, square on the Barbary Coast of San Francisco—a handsome, slashing, black-eyed woman of twenty-five, with the temper of a devil, named Stella Treharne—or so named on the Barbary Coast. She was fond of the scape-grace, would—and did—fight for him tooth and nail, and snapped her fingers at all the lighthings of the world. One night she quarrelled violently with him in a tweak of jealousy, and the next day—"to spite her," oh, the wise youth!—young Bentham enlisted in the regular army, thinking it would be so easy to get out when his black-eyed wife should melt towards him. She found him at the Presidio in the rough and unbecoming uniform of a recruit, and there was something a good deal like dampness in her sometimes raging eyes of night. She fawned upon the commanding officer; she did many things; but the best that she found was that her bad lot of a husband was booked for five years of routine as a buck soldier in the American army. Then she stormed, and told him to desert. He deserted. They got him. Hence his coarse gray uniform of wool and the red No. 0145 on his back.

No. 0145 munched his coarse fare during that noon hour and reflected.

"If it can be made to stick," he thought, not without a gulp of emotion mingled with admiration for his strong wife, "Stella will make it stick. If she gets at Cullinane it'll be all right. Cullinane needs the money—he's lost his whole enlistment pay-day over at the Presidio game, I hear. If she only reaches Cullinane and nails him"—he looked around desperately and breathed hard,—“d——n them, they'll never get me again!”

Two days later No. 0145, with his sentry behind him, was doing some cleaning around the pumping-station close to the dock, when the

Government tug, the General McDowell, that tours the various military posts of the harbor several times a day, puffed alongside. No. 0145 did not even turn his head. What was a tug filled with free people to him? He worked away, cleaning an old piece of copper pipe with a bit of greasy waste. Then he sniffed like a dog. He had caught a perfume, heard a swish of skirts. He looked up.

Stella, beautiful of her sort, and faultlessly dressed and groomed, looked him straight in the eye. The sentry thought her expression was one of sympathy for the convict. But No. 0145 did not. He had caught the flash and the meaning thereof. Stella passed on and ascended the steps leading to the men's quarters. She cast never a glance back at No. 0145.

Perhaps twenty minutes later No. 0145, peering up to the balustrade in front of the men's quarters, saw Stella—fragrant, warm-skinned, ebon-eyed Stella, now soft-voiced too—leaning against the iron rail, talking with Sergeant Cullinane.

"Oh, d——n you all!" croaked No. 0145 gulpingly, gloatingly. "It's a matter of days—or nights—now!"

Now, this Cullinane was a man who, having been a good soldier, was rapidly deteriorating into a bad soldier. Of late, after some fourteen years of service, most of it with chevrons on his arm, he had taken to drink and dice. These two are not sergeants' work. Cullinane had been warned, first by his top sergeant, then by his battery captain, later by the commanding officer himself—warned that he would be minus a red stripe down the sides of his two trousers legs if he did not do thus and such; if, in short, he did not arrive back to the previous Sergeant Cullinane. But when a man old in the service, after unwavering soldierly rectitude, takes to the deviltries of the lads in the uniform, he goes fast and far; and this is what Cullinane was doing. He had kept himself pretty sodden latterly for a first-duty sergeant of a crack heavy artillery battery; and in the poker game, and the mustang game, and the other pay-day games over at the Presidio—across the way from Alcatraz—he permitted the sharpers among the uniformed men to walk away with his last enlistment's savings; which caused Cullinane, out of misery, to hover pretty close to the Alcatraz canteen all the time it was open. So, here was Sergeant Cullinane, shorn of close to five years' pay, in bad odor with his superiors, reckless with the lees of drink, and in the hands of Stella Bentham, née Treharne, with the wiles of the Barbary Coast and some higher ones of her own. Truly, no good case for Sergeant Cullinane.

And, of a truth, it must have been very easy. For when, two hours later, the tall, redolent Stella, with her rich silken skirt wrapped about her, swished by the point where No. 0145 was still at work, there was a gleam in her black eyes that the convict instantly saw spelt "victory"

and no other word. As she passed very close to him she let fall, seemingly from the ruffle of her skirt, the tiniest possible wad of paper. The sentry was gazing stolidly at the boat. No. 0145 made a cat-dab for the wad of paper, got it, and stowed it. Then he was cleaning his piece of pipe with the greasy waste. Stella got aboard the General McDowell, and the men at the top of the balustrade coarsely chaffed Sergeant Cullinane over his beautiful visitor—and envied him bitterly in their souls.

That night No. 0145 rocked on the bunk in his cell, his hands in his hair, a hard, distorted smile on his face. He had read the wad of paper. It went this way:

“Cullinane sergeant of the guard to-morrow night. Be ready.”

“STELLA.”

During all of the next day No. 0145 labored for the love of it. Work was his outlet. In his cell he would have gone mad. He glued his eye to the sun every ten minutes to mark its progress.

“And they’ll never get me again—never again!” he almost moaned, following the swill-cart. “Hell first!”

When he was locked into his cell with the others at nine o’clock that night he bestowed himself in the darkness. Remove his shoes? He laughed until he feared that the man in the cell next door would hear him. Oh, the hours! He heard the sentinel walking slowly around the prison—a tour, say, each fifteen minutes. He smiled idiotically in the darkness every time the sentinel passed.

“And you’ll have to explain to ’em too, d——n you!” he croaked in his rough pillow, shaking his fist in the imagined direction in which the sentinel patrolled.

At one o’clock in the morning he heard the tiniest of clanks. He knew that it was the chain at the door, and he sat up on his bunk noiselessly. His ears were so sharpened that he heard the stockinged feet sneaking across the corridor. He stood erect. It seemed to him that the key was turning for hours in the lock. He felt the door being noiselessly pushed open. The Sergeant’s breath was right in his face.

“Take the southern road around, and on the western side you’ll find the boat,” the Sergeant purred, in short sentences, in his face. “Easy! I’ll follow!”

The “Easy!” was a gasp of misery. Perhaps, already, the Sergeant was repentant—or afraid.

No. 0145’s shoes were much worn, and the wearer of them had a lot of the cat in him. He was across the corridor, out of the door, on the black road that he knew so well—having so often labored and railed against Heaven there—like a panther.

Along the road he sped like something of the jungle. There was but one dangerous point to be passed—the shanty of the laundress. He was certain as he raced along that at one o'clock in the morning there could be no light in the shanty, but, he thought, if there should be, and he should be pounced upon—his nails dug into his palms, and he rounded the point.

There was no light in the shanty. But there was an arm around No. 0145's waist.

The officer of the day, it seems, had been sleepless from having much of his sleep broken, and he was standing in the darkness not far from the laundress's shanty, thinking things over a bit before turning out the guard. He had heard the paddling, paddling on the road from the direction of the prison, and his arm went out, catching No. 0145 around the middle.

This officer of the day, a strong man, might just as well have clasped an arm about the neck of a frenzied, fleeing moose. His hold was broken as if his arm had been of straw, and he got a blow full in the forehead that sprawled him. He set up a shout. He had a full voice, and his shout was heard all over the island.

No. 0145 sped on. He rounded the southern promontory, took the path along the western edge, slid down tiny cliff after cliff, gained the strand—and heard—"Is that you, George?"

This was Stella in the boat. No. 0145—now George Bentham again—waded out into the water, leaped over the gunwale, and the two Greek fishermen bent to their work. They ran the sail of the felucca up five hundred yards out, and Bentham rested his head in his black-eyed wife's lap.

"Good girl, Stella," said he. "Hot stuff!"

The officer of the day picked himself up from the middle of the southern road and raced for the guard-house: He was within twenty feet of the guard-house office, and still shouting, when he heard a report. He made the office at two bounds.

There was Sergeant Cullinane—who had meant to follow the convict in the boat, but whose nerve had quit him—sitting in his chair, with a gaping hole in the side of his head. He had removed his right shoe and pulled the trigger of his gun with his toe. The ball went clean through his head, and to-day you may see where it ploughed the wall.

On top of the Sergeant of the Guard's desk was a canvas bag, containing five hundred dollars in gold, all twenties.

Ex-No. 0145 has not been got yet, although once in a while Stella flashes into San Francisco, not quite so handsome as she used to be, but still groomed and fragrant.



# THE FIRST LOVE OF AARON BURR

*By Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer*

*Author of "New Yorkers of the Nineteenth Century," "The Devil's Picture-Book," "Goede Vrouw of Manahata," etc.*



IT was a warm spring morning. Trinity Church was crowded, for the usual worshippers felt they might be attending it for the last time, and there were also present many who, not belonging to the congregation, were attracted by what promised to be a novel scene. The Rector, Dr. Auchmuty, sympathized with the mother country in the war that had just broken out and continued to pray for his Majesty, as laid down in the prayer-book. This incensed the Rebels, who requested him to desist and pray for their cause. He, however, refused to be coerced, steadfastly continuing his prayers for the King. The loyal American General, Lord Stirling, had been placed in command of New York March 6, 1776. He was angered at this defiance of public opinion, so visited Dr. Auchmuty privately, requesting him to refrain from exciting the sensibilities of the congregation. This polite semi-official request was, however, ignored, and the prayers continued as usual on the following Sunday, after which the Rector received word that if he persisted in praying for the King, a file of soldiers would be sent to take him from the desk.

This soon became known, but the morning services opened quietly, few noting the tramp of a company of the "Jersey Blues" (Lord Stirling's own regiment), which marched down Broadway, taking up a position opposite the church. The services followed the ordinary routine until in the Litany the prayer for King and royal family was reached. Here there was a slight rustle of expectation, but without pause Dr. Auchmuty went steadily on, his clear, powerful voice filling the church. Then the doors of Trinity flew open and a file of soldiers entered, headed by Lord Stirling. By his orders the fifers struck up "Yankee Doodle" as they marched up the north aisle to the chancel. There was breathless attention, but the reverend gentleman prayed calmly on, his lips showing his intention, his voice drowned by the stirring strain of the national air.

The men paused just long enough before the reading-desk to allow

the Rector to finish, and then, having accomplished their purpose and prevented the congregation from hearing the prayer, but without offering any violence, the soldiers marched down the other aisle and out of the church, still drowning the Rector's voice with the shrill skreel of the old Revolutionary tune.

There were two persons present who, whatever their feelings on the subject, betrayed little interest in this startling interruption. One was Miss Moncrieffe, who, having entered early, had seated herself at the end of a pew in the middle aisle. From time to time she glanced about her expectantly, as if watching for someone. So when a stalwart young fellow seated himself in the adjoining pew in the next aisle, placing himself as close to her as the partitions permitted, she blushed and settled herself in her place, fixing her attention on her prayer-book, as if lost in devotion.

After a few moments spent with downcast eyes, the girl slipped a note into a prayer-book, politely offering it to her neighbor, who took it with seeming indifference, and bending his head, as if also praying, read the note, to which he immediately replied, handing her his missive under cover of the friendly book. In this way a correspondence was kept up during the service. But when the congregation left the church, after restlessly listening to the sermon, these young people parted without exchanging farewells, pretending to be strangers to each other.

Margaret Moncrieffe was barely fifteen, but shrewd beyond her years and extremely handsome. She had remained in New York when, with the rest of the English army, her father, Colonel Moncrieffe, had gone to Staten Island, where he was in command of a regiment.

The following Sunday saw Miss Moncrieffe walking demurely to church. To her surprise, she found the doors closed, but learned from the vergers that Lord Stirling had ordered them locked and pocketed the keys, declaring until the clergy prayed for his country and countrymen, no services should be held in the sanctuary.

"I even had to beg for the keys of the belfry, Madam," continued the man, becoming confidential, "for what would the town do if I did not ring the hour and give warning of fires?"

The girl chatted with her new-made friend for a few minutes, finding he was as warm a Tory as herself; so, slipping a fee into his ready palm, she asked permission to enter the graveyard.

This was readily accorded, so she walked in slowly, stopping to read an epitaph or glance at Fort McDougal, where a solitary sentinel trudged his weary round. Then, returning to the entrance, she begged permission to mount the belfry to the spire. Such a simple request from a pretty child seemed harmless, so the sexton consented, and permitted her to run up the steep stairs, where, on reaching a small door

leading to the roof, she unlocked it and passed out to the leads. From here a capital view of town and harbor could be obtained. Seeing no one had followed her, Margaret drew out a pocket-book and quickly dotted down the outlines of the forts that lay exposed at her feet, the breastworks on Broadway, and various other stockades, with regard to which she had before now been unable to obtain information, as all approach to them was carefully guarded.

After studying the situation on all sides, comparing, as she did so, the outlines of the fortifications she had drawn with the originals that lay before her, Margaret slipped back as she came, descended to the street, and warmly thanked the sexton for having allowed her to enjoy the lovely view. She then paced back and forth in the graveyard, stopping frequently to lay her hand, as if by accident, on one of the old altar tombstones. How could the simple verger dream that in this action she was giving an important signal? At last Margaret's face brightened, for she caught sight of the officer with whom she had exchanged notes the previous Sunday.

Major Blanchard was an English officer on parole, and none who saw him sauntering along Broadway would have suspected that he was concocting with Miss Moncrieffe and several others a plot that should kidnap General Washington and betray the city into the hands of the British army. The moment she saw Major Blanchard Margaret walked out of the gate and passed directly in front of him, dropping, as she did so, a neatly folded letter, then turned down Wall Street and disappeared from view. The officer lifted the billet-doux and put it in his pocket unconcernedly without attempting to read it.

It was shortly after this that a new commander was appointed to New York, who took up his quarters at Mr. Kennedy's, No. 1 Broadway. General Putnam, with his wife and daughters, had scarcely taken possession of this new home before he received a letter under flag of truce from Colonel Moncrieffe. The letter, which was dated from his quarters on Staten Island, stated that the Colonel's motherless daughter was in New York alone and unprotected, and begged Mr. Putnam would afford her protection. General Putnam was a bluff, unconventional Connecticut farmer, with a warm heart and unsuspicious mind. To him such an appeal on the part of a father seemed most natural, and he immediately ordered his aide-de-camp, Colonel Aaron Burr, to call on Miss Moncrieffe and invite her in his name to share their quarters, adding that Mrs. Putnam and his daughters would welcome her as one of the family.

The beautiful young English girl thus strangely introduced into the household became a favorite with all. The General was captivated, while Major Burr fell desperately in love with her. But in spite of his infatuation, or possibly in consequence of it, Burr kept a watchful

eye on the winning creature, particularly as he saw that the General was completely off his guard.

Margaret threw herself heart and soul into the pursuits of the household. She took lessons in spinning and weaving from the country maidens, but when left to her own devices charmed her hosts with the facility with which she sketched little water-colors, that she freely bestowed on any who admired them.

The General often made her his companion during his daily rounds, heedless of Major Burr's jealous glances, for Putnam delighted in her intelligent interest, never heeding her searching inquiries, and supreme would have been his astonishment to learn that she was better informed than himself as to the strength of the defences, the quality, equipment, and numbers of the troops, nor could he have believed his eyes had he caught sight of Margaret's note-book, which was filled with the valuable information that she contrived to send daily to her associates.

One evening, after an unusually long ride with the General, Margaret pleaded fatigue and retired to her room. On gaining it, she threw a scarf over her hair and a military cloak over her shoulders that partly disguised her. She was accustomed to meet Burr in the garden during the evening, when he did not fail to take advantage of his opportunity to make ardent love to her. The young people sauntered to the end of the garden, where it hung over the water's edge and was bounded on one side by Fort George. Burr waxed sentimental, while Margaret parried his compliments with ready wit, answering him with jest and laughter.

Suddenly she started as the clock on Trinity struck nine and looked anxiously about her, as if on the point of making some excuse to free herself from her companion. Just then an orderly approached to inform Major Burr that his chief desired to speak to him immediately. The instant Burr's back was turned Margaret ran to the end of the garden, where a high paling fence separated it from the street. In a low voice she sang a few notes of a popular air and then paused for a reply. None came, however, so she peered over the fence, now humming, then whistling the tune, while she felt in her pocket for a carefully prepared plan of the defences she had drawn, with details of information learned during the day. Impatiently she strolled up and down. No answer came to her signal. Just then she noted a steady tramp, and a sentinel passed on his beat. The girl drew back with a muttered word of disgust, whispering to herself, "Pshaw, this is a new move, and must be the reason Blanchard does not answer. I must go, then, to the other rendezvous."

Turning, she walked past the house and opened the gate on Broadway, but here again she was met by a sentinel, who stood at rest and looked inquiringly at her.

"Can I pass?" she said.

"Not without the countersign, Miss," answered the man.

As the perplexed girl stood hesitating what to do she heard a step and, turning, saw Major Burr. She at once drew behind a tree and listened intently for the countersign, which she knew he must give to the sentinel. But Burr cautiously whispered it in the man's ear, and Margaret was again baffled.

The information obtained during that day was of importance, and it was essential that it should be transmitted speedily to Governor Tryon. A dozen schemes for escape and return crossed her mind, but all were hazardous. Suddenly a light shot up in the north, and the fire-bells rang out an alarm. At this Margaret laughed triumphantly and ran into the house. Cautiously opening the parlor-door, she looked in. Mrs. Putnam and her daughters were sewing, while the General was sonorously sleeping in an easy-chair.

"Oh girls!" she exclaimed, "do you hear the bells. I was going to bed, but when I looked out of the window I saw a fire in the upper part of the town. Do come and see it."

Both girls dropped their work at this temptation, and roused the sleeper as they did so.

"Fire!" he exclaimed in drowsy bewilderment. "Where, what, how?"

A few words from Margaret served to excite him, and hastily tying the strings of his knee-breeches, buttoning his coat, and pulling on his cocked hat, he started out.

"Let us go too, girls," said Margaret, seizing the opportunity she had deftly made for herself.

"No, no!" said Putnam, hastening past her. "It is no place for women."

His daughters fell back obediently, but Margaret ran by his side, talking and laughing, so that he hardly heeded her disobedience.

The red glow shot up fiercely. Trinity bells continued their alarm, while the other churches echoed the monition. They passed the sentry unchallenged and joined the anxious throng that now filled the street. Burr joined them, and Margaret, watching her opportunity, said in a low voice to Putnam, "I think I had better return. Will you tell me the countersign?"

The General turned to his aide, saying crossly: "By the way, what is the word for to-night? Your infernal prudence has trapped instead of protecting me, and if we are separated I may be kept out of my own house until dawn."

Burr hesitated, glancing at the girl's attentive face; then, seeing that the General was not to be trifled with, he told it in an almost inaudible voice.



"Yes, yes," said the impulsive old fellow, forgetting prudence, "Washington and glory. I remember it well; it was the watchword at Dorchester Heights," and the old fellow drew himself up, for he liked to remember his first fight, when he had covered himself with distinction.

"Have a care, General," said Burr, glancing towards Margaret; but the mischief was done, for the alert ears of the girl had caught the words and she laughed to herself at the series of manœuvres by which she had attained her purpose.

Her companions were too much absorbed to notice her when, after a few moments, she allowed the crowd to separate her from them. Gliding to the great gate of Trinity, she stole through it and went up to the altar tomb which she had touched on a former occasion, and passing her hand under one of its supports found a package which she slipped from the niche and replaced by the paper she had prepared with such care. This done, she went directly home. But the wary sentinel challenged her again.

"I am Miss Moncrieffe. I left the house with the General," she said persuasively, for she wanted to establish a precedent for future escapes, when she might not be provided with the countersign. Still the soldier stood with his gun across the entrance.

"Scuse me, Miss," he said. "Very sorry, but I must have the word. Them's my orders."

The saucy smile faded from Margaret's lips, leaving an expression of disdain, but she walked calmly towards the man, saying distinctly "Washington and glory." At the magic words the musket dropped, the soldier fell back respectfully, and the girl passed him triumphantly.

The following day an important conference was to take place at Head-quarters. Margaret had gathered much of it from carelessly dropped words of the General's, but did not know that Burr had determined to inform the officers that there was a spy in their midst, although he had not discovered the culprit.

When the American officers entered the upper chamber that had been arranged as the council room, they little suspected that Margaret had ensconced herself in the adjoining room and locked the door behind her. Here she was pretending to occupy herself with a drawing of a group of roses under which was concealed the plans of the whole fortification. To a casual eye only the flowers would be noticeable.

She sat close to the folding-doors, breathlessly listening to every word of the long, anxious conference. She drew closer and closer, fearing to lose any part of the debate. She hardly dared breathe, but as she moved, her dress caught in the leg of the table, which, to her horror, she twitched over with a terrific crash, upsetting flowers,

drawings, and vase into one heap. Before she had a chance to flee, Burr, whose quick ears had caught the sound, burst into the room, disclosing, to the amazement of the officers, Miss Moncrieffe. She was still standing near enough to the door to prove that she must have overheard every word of the conversation.

"What is this, Miss?" exclaimed General Putnam, sorely displeased, even with his favorite.

The girl made a low-toned apology, and started, with a courtesy to the gentlemen, to leave the room, but Burr detained her, saying in a stern voice:

"Sir, I fear that Colonel Moncrieffe's daughter has heard every word of our conversation, and it is not wise to give her an opportunity to betray us." Here he paused, but, seeing that the suspicions of the old man were not fully aroused, he continued firmly:

"I beg you to remember how often our most private plans have been forestalled lately, particularly those we trusted were known to none but you and me. I warned you we had a spy in our midst."

"And do you mean to say, sir, that this young lady is a spy?" asked the General indignantly.

"I very much fear," replied Burr, with a touch of emotion, "that such may prove to be the case," and as he spoke he avoided meeting the challenging eyes of the girl he could not help loving, but against whom he was forced to make such a damaging accusation in behalf of his country.

"Stuff and nonsense!" testily answered Putnam. "A girl may be curious, but this lovely creature would not betray us. I answer for her fidelity with my life."

"Her fidelity, ah, yes, General," replied his aide, "but to her own cause."

"Such grave accusations are not made, Major Burr, without proof," said the General. "Where is there any proof of her guilt?" His tone was stern and defiant, arousing the younger man's pride, but for the moment he had no answer prepared. The other officers, who had been looking at one another, half perplexed and half suspicious, could not avoid showing their amusement at his discomfiture.

Meanwhile, quick to see her advantage, Margaret hastily stooped to gather her drawings, knowing that in them lay the most evident proof of her duplicity. Burr flew to her assistance, and as he took up the beautiful water-colored sketches, one of them caught his practised eye at once. Margaret tried to hide it in her portfolio, but the aide was too quick for her.

"Look, General, look!" he exclaimed. "You ask for proof of what I have said," and, seizing the drawings, he laid one group of flowers after another before his chief. The General took them up, scanning

the brilliant colors in perplexity, his old eyes seeing nothing amiss in the roses and carnations that were apparently the chief design.

"Proof! What the mischief are you talking about, Burr?" he asked. But the other men crowded about, taking the papers from his hands as he dropped them and scanning them intently.

Burr quietly pointed out some well-marked outlines and half-concealed dots that were underneath, but not obliterated, by the coloring of the flowers.

"See there!" he exclaimed. "Can't you recognize Fort McDougal? Here are the outer defences, here is Fort George, and," he added, taking up another picture marked "Number two," "look! these carnations cover the barricades on Broadway and the water batteries to the north."

At this moment Margaret made a dash for the door, but General Putnam signed to two of the officers, who seized her firmly. The bamboozled old man gazed over his spectacles at her where she stood biting her lip and tapping her foot on the bare floor. She realized that her treason was discovered and, playing her last card, burst into tears.

"So, sir, did I trap you well? Did you think an English lady was wasting her time here for love of your handsome face? Ha! ha! old fox!" she screamed, turning to the poor old General, "I fooled you too right royally, but it was for the sake of my country; and now what can you do to me?"

"You should hang from the nearest tree if I had my way," interposed a grizzled old officer who stood gloomily beside her.

"Yes! yes!" echoed the others fiercely, "hanging is too good for her."

"No! no!" screamed the girl, frightened for the first time, for she had counted on the affection of Burr and Putnam to save her from the consequences of her crimes. Now she put her hand nervously to her throat as if already feeling the rope about it.

"Let me go!" she cried, for, seeing her movement to escape, the old officer who had first spoken clutched her by the arm.

"Drop that, Brown," said General Putnam in a low tone; "she must be secured, but it shall be done without violence. Order in a file of soldiers, Burr, and put her under arrest. This must be reported to General Washington. Let no one speak to her; and now, gentlemen, we will withdraw."

Burr unlocked the door into the hall, glancing at Margaret as he did so, and went to obey his chief's commands. He took out the key and locked the door again behind him.

Margaret dropped on a chair, hiding her face in her hands, while another aide collected the drawings to carry them into the council chamber, closing the doors behind him as he went.

The moment Margaret was left alone she sprang from her chair

ready for action. The doors were locked, but without hesitation she threw open the window and stepped boldly on the piazza that surrounded the house. Along this she ran until she came to Mrs. Putnam's room, into which she clambered, seized that lady's shawl and great silk hood, and, putting them on, darted downstairs and out to the street. The sentry had no orders to stop anyone during the day, much less the wife of the General, as he fancied the lady to be. So Margaret passed him unchallenged, and almost ran up the steep street, intending to take refuge with a Tory family. As she reached Trinity Church she saw a company of soldiers marching towards her, and, terrified by the idea that they might be her promised guard, she rushed through the open door of the belfry and ran rapidly up its steps.

Unbounded was the astonishment of the old sexton, who, with one foot in a loop of the great bell-rope and holding the others in either hand, was laboriously tolling out the hour.

Margaret put her fingers to her lips and motioned him to continue his work, while she crouched under the eaves, heedless of dust and spider webs, for she knew she was safe with the Tory sexton.

When his task was over and the last echoes had fallen into silence, Margaret beckoned him to her, and whispered her tale into his ears, as if fearing eavesdroppers even at that height.

While listening to the bells she had rapidly formed her plan, which was to live in the belfry until search for her was over, and having plenty of money sewn inside of her dress, which she had placed there ready for such an emergency, she now used it freely, and the sexton promised her a blanket and daily rations of food as long as she wished to remain concealed.

General Putnam made but a half-hearted search for the beautiful spy, but Burr was not able to dismiss the subject so fully from his susceptible heart. There are evidences to show that he was indeed deeply in love with her.

The hardy girl remained in the belfry until August, when after the battle of Long Island the English troops took possession of New York and Miss Moncrieffe became the heroine of her day.



## THE SEA'S SECRET

BY HELEN M. RICHARDSON

A LEADEN sky slow dripping into rain,—  
A wind-swept beach, a sullen, foam-flecked sea;  
A face close pressed against the window-pane,—  
A wreck,—a heart-ache,—and a memory.

# WHITE AZALEAS

*By Helen Ellsworth Wright*



**I** TELL you, stranger, it's no use. I couldn't part with that clay-hill up yonder, not if your wife has took a dozen notions to it, and you was to pay me ten thousand dollars an acre. Why, man, I don't want your money. I'm forty-six years old this fall, I've got enough to last, and there ain't a chick nor a child to leave it to, and that hill—well, it's no use, that's all.

The place ain't good for raisin' much, just pines and berry brambles and them there white azalies, but when it comes my turn to die I want 'em to leave me there. See that place where the trees grow thick an' it's dark an' cool an' still? That's it! That's where I'm goin' to lie.

Your wife, she fancied that? Peculiar, ain't it? Women folks likes light most always, light and sunny parts, though once I knowed a girl—but that was twenty year ago.

Buy half my hill, you say? No, sirree, you can't have half an inch! I tell you, once for all, you can't buy half an inch!

Mebby you city folks can't understand, but I'll tell you what, there's things up here that money couldn't touch, and that there spot is one of 'em. Confound it, man, I'll tell you why!

You see, 'twas more than twenty year ago that I come here to see a friend o' mine, named Ephraim Jones. You knew Eph. Jones? Well, that's odd, ain't it? He an' I was chums. This place was mighty lively then. Those cabins there was full of folks, an' men was takin' fortunes out o' quartz most every day.

The school-house stood up yonder near my hill, an' the teacher's name—well, that don't matter anyhow. I couldn't say what she was like; I couldn't tell a blind man what a lily was! Your cities never grow that kind, no more than they do sugar-pines or rhododendron flowers.

Well, we were—friends. We used to go for white azalies, she an' I, up on my hill when school was through. It wasn't my hill then, not till long after, when she'd gone away, and yet we called it "ours."

We used to sit there where the trees grow thick an' plan out what the years would bring. We'd sit there till the shadows came an' shut the world away, an' then were glad, for all the night an' all the stars seemed made for just us two! The wood-owls nested in those trees, an' when I'd say I loved some one, they'd always ask me, "Who?"



And so the summer slipped along an' time come for me to go. I was to fix a little home, an' when next the white azalies bloomed to go back again for her.

Well, first she wrote me regular every week, and then her letters got to soundin' queer, like one who laughs an' wants to cry, an' then—well, then they stopped. Those were busy times with us, but I wrote by every stage.

One evenin'—'twas along in May, an' I was potterin' round at dusk a-doin' up the chores—I saw a man come down the trail. The man was Ephraim Jones. He never said a word—just reached out an' took my hand, an' wrung it hard, an' kind o' choked. By and by he said:

“Look here, old man, it takes an awful blast, you know, to shatter out that hard gray rock so you can get the gold. Well, the good Lord blasts us hard sometimes,—perhaps to find our gold.”

Then he told me how her father'd got in debt, an' gone away, an' left her mother sick an' them two little sisters on her hands, with nothing but the money from her school; how she had tried to keep it from me all those weeks, and then—a man had come, a Judge, from heaven knows where, an' old enough to——

Say, stranger, be this sun too hot? You look so kind o' faint an' fuddled out. Perhaps you'd rather have me stop my yarn? Go on? Well, there ain't much more to tell.

The Judge, he come a-courtin' her, but she said always, “No.” He told her how he'd take 'em all, an' make her mother well, an' send the girls away to school, an' do a heap o' things.

Then winter come, an' they hadn't even wood, nor clothes, nor things to eat. The mother blamed her some an' cried; the little girls both teased an' coaxed, an' the Judge—come every day. And so the winter turned to early spring, but things weren't better much.

One evenin' Ephraim come across our hill an' found her up there, where the trees grow thick. The leaves were comin' on the white azalie plants, an' her hands were full of little tender shoots.

“Go, take him these,” she said, “and say when *they* bloom I'll be his bride. My mother and the children need me most; my *duty* is to them!”

Well, the Judge, he married her an' took 'em all away. And I? I've got them little dry shoots yet,—an' shall have always too!

Ephraim went down to see 'em once,—he knew the Judge, you know. They were livin' in a splendid house, with carriages an' everything. The Judge was doin' all he could, but money can't buy love! She seemed so kind o' sweet an' still, like a lily that's been picked an' taken from the sun.

There was a baby too, a puny mite,—*her* baby,—an' she called him—Joe! I guess the Judge, he didn't know what for, but it was—me!

What is it, stranger? Be you ill? Perhaps the air's too light up here, an' your heart ain't over-strong!

Well, to go on, he died, did little Joe, an' she sent Ephraim word. The white azalies was in bloom, an' I got most a hundred sprays, an' Eph, he took 'em down. The little chap had lots o' flowers, all boughten ones, you know; but mine the mother took,—an' held 'em close,—an' cried. (Confound this smoke! It's gettin' in your eyes?)

Well, after that they went away, somewhere in foreign parts, and that was—fifteen year ago! The Judge, if he's a-livin' now, must be as old as—you!

The pines keep singin' on our hill, an' everything grows just the same as when we two was young, an' some day——

Say, you've seen quicksilver in with gold? The part that isn't used rolls down the sluice in little shiny balls, but when they meet they form a whole so well that nobody can tell just which is which. The gold divides it mebby, by an' by, but each takes somewhat of the other's part an' holds it till they meet again, to give it back with it's own self besides. Well, hearts is just like that.

You see, I couldn't sell the place,—it's "ours!" In this world she's the Judge's wife, but in the next—she's mine!

Why, man, for God's sake, what's gone wrong? She's what? She's *what*, you say?

The Judge? Your—wife! Consumption, man? Dear Heaven, be more kind!

Say, mister, that clay hill is—yours. I'm goin'—I'm goin' away. You'll pay me? No. You've paid a thousand times. You've brought her back—to die. You tell her this: A queer old chap, rough as the gray rock peepin' through the hill, says the owls have always nested where the trees grow thick, an' the white azalies have waited—twenty year!



## LOVE

BY FULLERTON L. WALDO

"CLIMB up the Body's stair, my Soul,  
Look out at window, . . . who is there?"  
"I see no Body anywhere,  
I but behold—another Soul!"

